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the village we
saved in Ethiopia

Folk art:
treasures made
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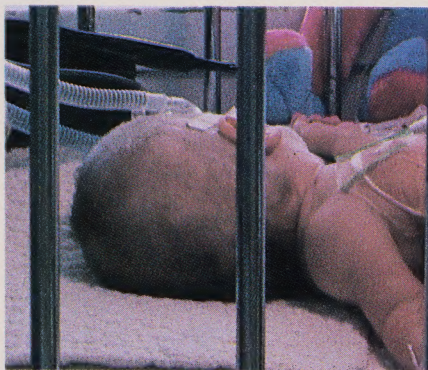
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MAY 1986 Vol. 8 No. 5



COVER STORY

The work of the IWK Hospital in Halifax is caring for kids — from newborn babies to teenagers. A vast network of people — doctors, nurses, volunteers, parents and others — are involved. They create together a bright, happy atmosphere of confidence that makes the IWK so different from adult hospitals.

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COVER PHOTO BY ERIC HAYES



THIRD WORLD

Degahbur, the desert village "adopted" by the Maritimes at the height of the Ethiopian drought, is doing better now, thanks to rain and our aid, raised largely through the appeals of ATV television personality Dave Wright. Money from about 10,000 donors is now helping the village become self-sufficient.

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ART

Folk art comes of age. Ten years after the purchase of its first piece of folk art, the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia has a huge show on national tour. Folk art is called "naive, primitive, country" — can it survive in our high-tech society?

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FOOD

Freshly-caught fish tastes better when cooked on the campfire. Its smoky flavor can't be duplicated. The early settlers and native people must have had it this way every day. At Liscombe Lodge, N.S., a Micmac recipe for planked salmon becomes gourmet fare.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

The Culinary Institute and the best food in the east

In the last year I've been in a number of cities in the region at meetings with the same group of people, all of them Maritimers, hailing from Saint John, Fredericton, Charlottetown, Halifax, and O'Leary, P.E.I. Like most travellers, we find that a good restaurant helps make up for being away from home. None of us would claim to be a real gourmet, but most of us have our favorite food and our pet peeves.

One of us, Myles Ellis, is a butter fanatic. A country boy from P.E.I., he's sure there's a margarine conspiracy aimed at doing away with real dairy butter in restaurants. He claims to have the ability to distinguish pure butter from anything else, including mixes of butter with oil or margarine, and has called some otherwise fine restaurants to account for serving something less than the real thing.

Another, John Stone, eats nothing but dishes served with Béarnaise sauce. (It's made with butter, egg yolk, wine vinegar and fresh tarragon.) He knows all their variations from St. Andrews to Charlottetown.

You're right. Here are people who spend too much time eating out, away from home, and who are getting far too fussy in their tastes. With eight or ten people like this, you can be sure that no restaurant could be perfect.

But a few weeks ago, in Charlottetown, one of the group led the rest to Holland College with assurances that here would be no ordinary university restaurant cafeteria — and it wasn't. We had our finest meal of the year. The dishes featured regional produce — scallops, trout, salmon, blueberries, maple syrup. The cooking was delicate and light, the sauces were right and the food's presentation was spectacular.

Leaflets on the table told the extraordinary story. We were at the Culinary Institute of Canada, a division of Holland College. The Institute has been open for three years, offering a two-year course to train chefs and a one-year session in restaurant service.

Most food service education in Canada is for people who are going to work in big institutions, cafeterias, and large-scale eating establishments. There's a school in Quebec, however, which trains students to work in fine restaurants and hotels. And there's one in English Canada — the Culinary Institute. Before it was established Canadians wanting to learn these skills were forced to go abroad to schools in France, Switzerland and elsewhere.

Top restaurants are often unable to find staff locally with the required skills, so they're forced to recruit abroad. It's a sad fact in a region where so many people are out of work. So the Culinary Institute is a big step forward — not just for P.E.I. and the Maritimes but for all of Canada.

The Institute has a staff of four full-time chefs, and it brings in part-time experts from across the country. The four permanent people include a master in Acadian cooking, Richard Chaisson, who is only 30 and got his basic training at Nova Scotia's Keltic Lodge when the chef there was Maurice Thiebaut. Peter Richard, who specializes in desserts and sweet things, also trained with Thiebaut. An Austrian who had his own restaurant in Vancouver for 15 years and an Englishman whose previous job was with the Calgary Stampede round out the staff. The combination gives the students a suitably broad background.

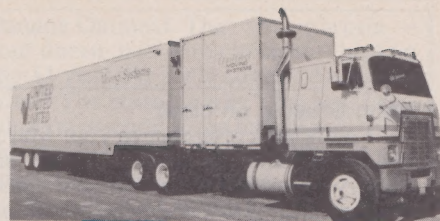
The director of the Institute, Barney M. Bree, tells me that they are now graduating 14 to 16 chefs a year and all have found employment so far. Graduates have gone to the Prince Hotel in Toronto, the Clipper Cay in Halifax, the Marshlands in Sackville, N.B., and to Government House in Charlottetown. One of the graduates, Peter Hicks, prepares pâtés, pastries and pies which he sells on Saturdays at Charlottetown's market, and he's looking for financing to start his own restaurant. Says Bree, "I'd say that 90 per cent of them dream of having their own place."

Most of the students are from Atlantic Canada. Bree says the reason is that the Institute isn't well known yet. As it becomes better known, he expects that enrolment will increase.

As for sampling the work of the Institute's students, lunches and dinners are served Wednesdays and Thursdays — until April 17. The restaurant then shuts down for the summer season, resuming in September.

If you're in Charlottetown and you want to see for yourself what young Atlantic Canadians can do when they're given the training and the opportunity, book yourself a table. I'm willing to bet that you'll be amazed and delighted — and you'll be as anxious as the group of people I was with to get the restaurants and hotels of the region to meet the standard which is being set by the students and faculty of the Culinary Institute.

— James Lorimer



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FEEDBACK

John Crosbie on clout

I write with reference to your March 1986 issue and the article, if one can dignify a piece of fiction with that name, *Losing clout: Atlantic Canada's cabinet ministers in Ottawa*. That story by Susan Murray is one of the most slanted, biased and partisan pieces of alleged reporting I have ever seen. Without facts and with extensive quotations from Liberal politicians, the message is that the representatives of Atlantic Canada have lost clout, lack influence in Ottawa and are not getting much for their region. One example of bias: the author states that, while the Mulroney government brags about the economic recovery, Atlantic Canada's unemployment levels continued increasing through 1985. In Newfoundland she says the jobless rate went from 20.5 per cent to 21.4 per cent. In fact the Newfoundland unemployment rate was 23.8 per cent in September 1984 when the Conservatives won the election and had fallen to 19.8 per cent for a decline of four percentage points by February 1986. There was a further decline for March...

Your article was entitled *The federal eclipse of Atlantic Canada*. There is no such eclipse. Susan Murray interviewed me by telephone and many of the facts that I now outline I gave her at that time. However, she was not interested in any facts that showed that her theory of a loss of clout or of federal eclipse was false... The facts show the reverse. Some examples:

- The government of Canada has committed \$1.5 billion over the past 19 months to support economic development in Atlantic Canada, including commitments under agreements of \$611 million to Newfoundland, \$90 million to P.E.I., \$372 million to Nova Scotia, \$328 million to New Brunswick and \$100 million to the Atlantic region of Quebec.
- In Newfoundland, the Atlantic Accord was signed in February 1985, including an agreement on revenue sharing on the offshore, an equalization offset provision and an offshore development fund of \$300 million to defray social and economic costs related to offshore development with the federal contribution being 75 per cent. Some major arrangements with the other Atlantic Provinces include the P.E.I.-New Brunswick electricity interconnection... the REPAP Mill project in Newcastle, N.B., the Enterprise Cape Breton program together with the 60 per cent investment tax credit for Cape Breton and the Sysco agreement with Nova Scotia.
- With respect to job creation, 580,000 jobs have been created in Canada since September 1984, 33,000 of which were in Atlantic Canada.
- In Newfoundland, Fishery Products International has been restruc-

tured... The government of Canada injected \$77 million into the company in recent months... Canada and Newfoundland entered into a \$180 million roads agreement in 1985... \$112.5 million of these funds are provided by the government of Canada...

I trust that you will print this despite its length because of the twisted, biased and unfair nature of your cover story of March. It was truly a poisoned piece not even making any pretense to fairness or balance. Atlantic Canada has been well served at Ottawa by this government and by Atlantic Canada Members of Parliament who support this government both within and without the cabinet.

John C. Crosbie
MP for St. John's West
Minister of Justice
Attorney General of Canada

Ed. note: Crosbie's long letter, which had to be cut for space reasons, listed a further ten instances of federal programs and monies spent in Newfoundland. He also listed seven provisions of Finance Minister Michael Wilson's Feb. 26 budget which he says will benefit Atlantic Canada. The article in dispute went to press before the budget date.

Stu McInnes on clout

Although, as an individual, I found the dubious assumptions of the author of *The federal eclipse of Atlantic Canada* somewhat amusing, as a minister from Nova Scotia I have little choice but to set the record straight. For the first time in over two decades, Atlantic Canada has cabinet members whose economic objectives for the area extend beyond the day after the next election. I, like countless other Atlantic Canadians, have witnessed the long downward slide of our region's economy in relation to the rest of the country. It was during this time that the "heroes" of Mr. Tobin and Mr. Dingwall (LeBlanc, MacEachen, etc.) bought votes with grants and handouts while the regional economy deteriorated around them. I submit... that we should not merely mask our problems with handouts. Instead, we must maintain an approach that is both *honest* and *direct*. In this spirit the federal government announced, in the recent budget, the Atlantic Enterprise Program. The loan guarantees and lower interest rates provided to expanding or new business are a responsible approach to creating new jobs through private investment in general and small business in particular. Just because the present cabinet ministers from Atlantic Canada are not falling over one another handing out cheques for six weeks of minimum-wage work has little relevance to the work we do. Mr. Baker applauds the handing out of "goodies." What a defeatist attitude!... My colleagues and I are not interested in merely keeping Atlantic Canadians from com-

plaining too loudly; we wish to see their problems solved and our self-reliance and self-respect rekindled. As for my own ministry, I have no trouble with the author's description of it as a "junior" portfolio, but there are many who might wonder how a department that controls some \$7.6 billion worth of spending per year could be dismissed as insignificant, particularly in Atlantic Canada where government money is so important. As well, the claim that I have a "limited scope to influence purchasing in any one region" illustrates a glaring lack of research. The scope of the minister of Supply and Services in regards to purchasing is enormous. I refer you to the Atlantic Opportunities Program (which I announced Feb. 28) which will ensure a 40 per cent increase in purchasing in Atlantic Canada over the next four years from \$1.6 billion to \$2.2 billion, and will result in 20,000 person years of employment. Measures such as these make it obvious to the fair-minded that the allegations of Atlantic Canada's demise in cabinet and my own "lack of scope" in purchasing are, like the news of Mark Twain's death, greatly exaggerated.

Messrs. Tobin, Dingwall, etc., bemoan the lack of a "Romeo LeBlanc type" of minister for the region. I do not wish to judge the type of politics practised by these gentlemen — however, the people did judge them in September 1984... I am tired of seeing us treated as though we are capable of being nothing more than the eternal wards of the wealthy provinces... In so far as "handouts" are concerned, I prefer to earn, not buy my support, come election day.

Stewart McInnes
Minister of Supply
and Services
Ottawa

The right to smell

I read Harry Bruce's column *If a farm can't smell like a farm, we're all in trouble* (March '86). I think you missed a major point. It has to do with the size of the farms today. My sympathy lies with both the farmer and the people who decide to live in the country as an answer to urban sprawl and congestion. The fact remains that as farmers are forced to increase the size of their operations to ever larger units to maintain their profit margins the size of their manure piles will also increase. No one complained about farm smells when I was young. Everyone kept a small herd of cows to sell cream or milk, a few chickens to supply themselves with eggs and perhaps a half-dozen hogs to bring in a bit of extra money. The land base was sufficient to provide a safe and clean place to dispose of the manure. The family farm has disappeared from the national and provincial scene except in the minds of the nostalgic. Corporate farms are the order of the day. It is a trend I personally am not too happy about — but that is the present reality. These farms produce

hogs, for example, not by the dozen, but by the thousands. The manure problem is enormous. This is due to the size of the operation as well as the imported food, which is more than just a mixture of grains. It includes antibiotics, fish meal and so on. These kinds of feeds along with the quantity consumed on an average farm produce nose-twisting smells that are not localized but can spread for large distances if the winds are in the right direction. At the moment you and I may be quite safe from having our barbecues interrupted by farm smells, but in the not too distant future farmers may have to find disposal areas further from their own farms. The problem, from my point of view, is that there are people in the rural areas who will complain about any smell or inconvenience and there are too many eager lawyers happy to launch a lawsuit. Nevertheless, it is increasingly important to keep in mind that if right to farm legislation is passed in any province without some kind of restriction on the size of operations — the smell problem will affect far more people who live in the immediate vicinity of the corporate farms.

B.J. van Vulpen
Lower Wentworth, N.S.

Marketing fish in the U.S.

From your very interesting article on agriculture, *Potato roller coaster crashes* (March '86) the industry appears to have the same problem as the fishery in Atlan-

tic Canada, which in my opinion is marketing, especially in the U.S. Why is there such a difference in the price a farmer gets for his potatoes (two cents a pound) and the price the consumer has to pay (10 to 15 cents a pound) in Newfoundland? In supermarkets in Florida, potatoes sell for 20 cents a pound, and cod sells for \$4 a pound when available. I am sure that there are plenty of markets in the U.S. which would gladly pay good prices for Canadian farm products and different varieties of fish, and still be able to sell to their own customers at a much lower rate than now charged. The demand is there, it's a matter of good salesmen from Atlantic Canada. Does Atlantic Canada have a shortage of good salesmen, or are the industries waiting for more government handouts?

Ted Shears
Rocky Harbour, Nfld.

"A whole new world" — cookies

For over 50 years I've had absolutely no desire to bake cookies! And then a few weeks ago in my dentist's office (yes, it's true) I read Lorraine Pye's article *Cape Breton cookies* (Feb. '86). Amid great glee on the part of the staff, I managed to borrow the issue with the sole purpose of trying my hand at Double Peanut Butter and Highland Oatcakes. And no small feat! It meant buying shiny new cookie sheets — after over 30 years of marriage, my wife's are black and grungy. On a cold and foggy night I baked my first batch —

Banana Oatmeal. They are ambrosia — four dozen, half with chocolate chips on my 14-year-old son's advice. And guess what? The bottoms aren't burned. It's a whole new world. I can hardly wait to try the Double Peanut Butter. Thanks and special thanks to Lorraine Pye — she writes well. Addressing *Feedback* about a food article makes it all seem like the CBC's Food Show but what the heck!

John M. Phin, MD
Ancaster, Ont.

Daydreaming subwatchers

You had an article on Giff Gifford, *Halifax's role in the arms race* (Feb. '86) and his anti-military nuclear disarmament group in Halifax. Although your article is interesting, I must take issue with his slant. Nuclear weapons may or may not doom us. However, as long as the Soviet Union has nuclear weapons, and insists on imposing a highly centralized political dictatorship on all she rules, we must always have nuclear arms as well. It is as simple as that. We must learn to live with the nuclear threat, for better or for worse. People who do things like watching American subs enter Halifax Harbour are wasting their time, and only serve to embarrass our friends and allies for no good purpose. People like Giff Gifford seem to forget that the well-intentioned but misguided disarmament movement in the 1920s almost put us into Hitler's hands. Without the power of nuclear arms, Josef Stalin and those Soviet "vets" he admires



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FEEDBACK

so much would have conquered Europe in 1945-46. As it was, by 1948 they owned most of the eastern half. The United States having the A-bomb prevented it. The subwatchers better put their binoculars away and quit daydreaming.

Brian Pitcairn
Slave Lake, Alta.

Congratulations to Gifford

It is encouraging to see that at least some members of the Nova Scotia community recognize the dreadful consequences of the arms race, *Halifax's role in the arms race* (Feb. '86). Congratulations to C.G. Gifford for his efforts. It must be devastating for such a man to see the premier of Nova Scotia jump at the opportunity to support world violence by his interest in building a plant to supply tanks and armored vehicles to Arab countries. Let us hope that the people of Nova Scotia have a little more common sense than the premier.

Penny Moody-Corbett
Portugal Cove, Nfld.

Good press in St. Stephen

Congratulations on the excellent story about St. Stephen, N.B., *Small Towns* (March '86). Having lived here about two years, I find most of what is said to be true. While most of your emphasis, understandably, was on the Canadian side, and one of your sources was a St.

Stephen editor (Elaine Bateman, a good writer), I would be remiss if, as a professional journalist, I didn't mention three other good newspapers which serve the border community; the *Calais Advertiser* (the oldest paper in the community), the *Saint John Telegraph Journal* (with an excellent local correspondent, Barb Rayner) and the *Bangor Daily News* (also with an excellent local correspondent, Patty Dougherty). All of these papers are available to St. Stephen residents. The border area is a good place to live and work, and is fortunate to have the press diversity it does.

Ron Cuddy
St. Stephen, N.B.

The border has two sides

It sounds as if most people in St. Stephen, N.B., are jumping gleefully on the American bandwagon in Calais but I expected that. For different reasons, we Canadians have always felt Americans were more interesting and fun than us. We felt this way for a long time, and maybe always will. Your article, *Small Towns* (March '86), was informative and well written but I feel it was a bit one-sided. You should have asked Calais residents how they felt about their Canadian cousins in St. Stephen, the way you did with St. Stephen residents.

P. McLean
Halifax

Concrete base contract

The article, *Concrete for Hibernia: the biggest contract ever* (Feb. '86), may leave the impression that the contract in question covers construction of the complete Hibernia production platform. In fact... the contract represents only the construction of the concrete base (GBS); the building of the topside facilities will be the subject of a second major contract quite apart from the GBS contract. In addition to the three consortia named in the article, a fourth company, Hibernia Builders, is also interested in bidding on the GBS contract.

Susan B. Sherk
Mobil Oil Canada, St. John's

Correction: N.B. chemicals

The letter entitled "A reply to Kingsley Brown" (April '86) from Dr. Franklin M.M. White, vice chairman of the Task Force on Chemicals in the Environment and Human Reproductive Problems in New Brunswick, should have read, in part: For the record, the task force did find associations between an index of potential agricultural chemical exposure and a sub-category of neural tube defects and with stillbirths.

A typographical error turned "did" into "did not" and changed the meaning of Dr. White's letter. The letter was in response to an earlier one which stated that the task force found no such link. We apologize for the error.-Ed. ☒



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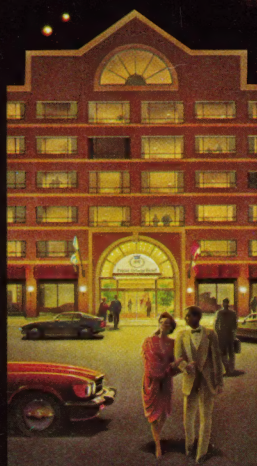
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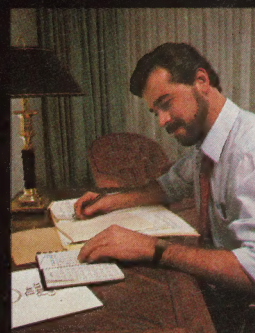
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From Moncton with wings

Pilots from all over the world come to the Moncton Flying Club to earn their wings. The club is respected as one of the best flying schools in North America. Meet the man in the pilot's seat: Don McClure

When the railroads were still a vigorous part of the Canadian way, travelling salesmen stopping in Moncton used to bemoan the constant shunting of trains outside downtown hotels.

Nowadays, local insomniacs sometimes quietly curse the incessant night-time drone of light planes overhead. But for some the nocturnal buzz is music to the ear. Moncton businessmen and civic officials have grown accustomed to the night-time flight training habits of the Moncton Flying Club, a unique entity that pumps more than \$2 million annually into the city's economy, and provides a fair number of jobs in the bargain.

The name "flying club" is a bit deceptive. What started out as a gathering place for aspiring flyers under the wing of the staid Royal Canadian Flying Club Association back in 1927 has grown into one of North America's most respected flight training centres.

The man with a firm grip on the controls is Don McClure, general manager and himself an 18,000-hour pilot and World War Two flying officer. "We've had our ups and downs," he smiles, easing his pilot's frame behind the desk of his cramped office. In his 26 years with the club, McClure has witnessed the comings and goings of almost 5,000 men and women who've come to Moncton from all over the world to learn to fly.

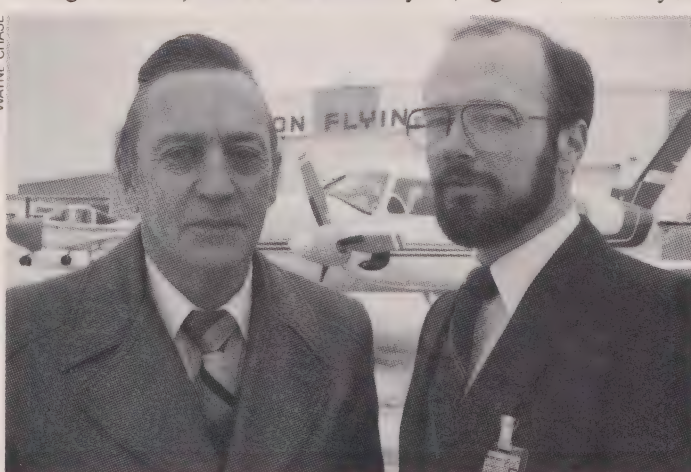
McClure has also seen his share of turbulence. In 1965 a disastrous fire destroyed the entire club facilities in less than an hour. He recalls the day vividly. He had been up in one of the club's single-engine aircraft when he heard a frantic call on his radio. Landing, he could see little but ashes and a continuing curl of smoke coming from what had been the MFC hangar and office. "Six years of my life had gone up in flames."

Undaunted, McClure set to work that very day begging and borrowing space from neighboring airlines and government agencies. Within a year, the present facility was constructed, and the club has never looked back.

Today, the club's physical assets include a 3,000 square foot dormitory for students, a banquet complex, members' lounge, the classrooms for the overall school facilities, a \$70,000 flight training simulator and of course airplanes. "We now have 12 single-engine planes," McClure says proudly, "plus two new

twin-engine Piper Navajos." The single-engine aircraft sell for about \$52,000 apiece, while the Navajos come in at about \$750,000 each. One of these planes carries out a regular run to Charlottetown for a major courier company, and the club gets additional revenue from a busy charter operation.

In terms of prominence among flight training centres, MFC is generally conceded to be number two in all Canada, just behind the club at Brampton, Ont. "They have a much greater population base to draw on," says McClure, who long ago faced up to some hard facts about the market in which he was operating: "We have a small population, worse than average weather, and a weak economy."



General manager McClure (left) with his chief pilot Danny Delahunt

Early on, McClure recognized that to compete, MFC's program had to be the best, and he's tried to make it that. As to the scarcity of students close at hand, McClure's remedy has been to scour the world for people who want to fly. He's made personal visits to Czechoslovakia, Nigeria and the West Indies, and the club advertises in aviation magazines worldwide.

This year's students include pilot trainees from Nepal, Pakistan, the United Kingdom, the West Indies, and the United States. Students can qualify for a private pilot's licence, a commercial ticket or a licence for multi/IFR (Instrument Flight Rules). There's also an instructor's course available.

About 2,400 Air Canada captains and first officers have come through the MFC training program, and about half the pilots employed by the Caribbean-based Leeward Islands Air Transport are MFC

grads. More than 80 per cent of the pilots with the former Eastern Provincial Airways subsidiary of CP Air gained their wings at Moncton.

As for Moncton's less than idyllic weather, MFC's round-the-clock shift instruction program makes full use of the clement days available. Today, the club racks up 13,000 flying hours a year, and has actually reached 20,000 hours, a figure considered just short of incredible in the industry. McClure once astonished executives at Piper Aircraft Corporation in Vero Beach, Fla., by remarking in passing that a Cherokee 140 purchased by the club eight months earlier had 2,300 hours on its tachometer. After checking, Piper informed the Moncton club that it was the new holder of the world's record for utilization of light aircraft.

At 63, Don McClure puts in a grueling day overseeing the club's 21 other full-time employees and shows no signs of hanging up his flying goggles. A confirmed workaholic, he has seen the club's assets rise from \$6,000 to over \$2 million, and he'd like nothing better than to effect even further growth. "Flight training is a commodity that needs selling like

anything else," he emphasizes, "And the Maritimes can do it. We've proven that!"

Like most trained pilots, McClure's primary concern is always for excellence in the air. Several years ago, NBC-TV in New York learned there were Libyan students at the club. A telephone interview was instigated with McClure in what appeared an attempt to portray the club as a training centre for foreign mercenaries. McClure was indignant, but unruffled. "We don't teach people how to fly fighter planes," he stated. "They're going to learn to fly somewhere, and they're learning to fly better here. And that," he concluded, "is in everybody's best interest."

Inevitably, there have been tragedies. Since he's been with the club, eight members have perished in air mishaps — some students, others part-time flyers. But the silver clouds outnumber the grey. Like the hundreds of cards and letters McClure receives each year from former students around the globe. And every so often, the captain of an airliner will call in on the club's own radio frequency as he passes high overhead just to say hello to his alma mater. "That feels good!" grins Don McClure, "just knowing somebody up there likes us!"

Energy from the forest: the growing role of wood chips

It wasn't taken seriously at the time, but the use of wood chips as a fuel is increasing in the Maritimes. It's helping a lot in P.E.I. — as an oil substitute, a money saver and aid to forestry

by H. Shirley Horne
Jack Kelly is a busy man these days. His company, Bulk Carriers (P.E.I.) Ltd., has signed a million dollar contract with the P.E.I. Energy Corporation, a crown corporation, to supply 36,500 tonnes of wood chips to heat several public buildings over the next three years. Wood chips, dismissed by some as part of "hippy economics" ten years ago, are beginning to make a significant contribution to heating requirements in the Maritimes.

In the cab of Kelly's \$300,000 Brucks chipper, operator Hakan Lundall, who came from Sweden with the machine to train Island crews, guides the grapple arm of the huge machine to clutch a tree five inches across. The chipper swings the tree into the air and gobbles it up — trunk and limbs — in less than five minutes, then reaches for another. Within half an hour the chipper is full and lumbers off to unload into a nearby steel container to be trucked away when full, with 11.7 tonnes of roughly quarter-sized wood chips.

Forestry officials praise the chipping business because it cleans out waste wood from the forest. The industry "is good for the economy, too," adds Jack Kelly. "I've hired six men in the last two months, not to mention the \$30,000 I spent for steel to build six containers." Not to mention his half-million total investment. Islanders spend \$50 million a year on light heating oil, and most of that money leaves the province. Wood chips not only cost less, energy officials point out, but also create more local jobs.

Wood chips have been used for heat and power in sawmills for many years. But a dozen years ago, with P.E.I.'s energy costs accelerating, the provincial government set up the Institute of Man and Resources and took the lead in Canada in exploring alternatives. Windmills and energy efficient homes were constructed. Wood chip heating demonstrations were also presented, but weren't taken too seriously, although the Swedes had been using chips successfully for years.

Interest picked up after a week-long wood chip demonstration in 1978, says Paul McKnight, an official with the provincial Department of Energy and Forestry. But "it was the extremely successful system installed at the Kings Coun-

ty Memorial Hospital in 1981 which really caught the interest of both the public and private sector." The expensive-to-heat, impossible-to-insulate, flat-roofed hospital "now heats for one-third of the cost," says the administrator, Horst Quecke. "We're paying for the system with money we save. And payback was approximately three years."

P.E.I., with federal help, has since spent \$5 million developing more than 30 wood chip heating projects, including UPEI, schools, offices, nursing homes, a jail and others. A space heating system to hook up 13 buildings in downtown Charlottetown is under construction.



Hall: chips could displace heating oil

Chip burning units (which include underground silo-type storage units, a screw-type conveyor to move the chips and a "refractory" burning chamber designed to prefer the chips green rather than dry) can be operated for about one-third the cost of oil burning systems, although the units themselves are about three times more expensive than equivalent oil furnaces.

The federal government, under a program called CREDA — Conservation Renewable Energy Development Agreement — has been funding wood chip burning projects in all provinces for several years. But only in the Maritimes — and notably in P.E.I., which has the lead — have these experiments reached the point of commercial application, albeit with government money.

The idea is also ahead in the Maritimes in terms of public acceptance, says Nor-

man Hall, director of renewable energy in the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources' P.E.I. office. "It's probably a result of our higher energy costs." In other provinces, he says, the projects are still experimental.

Hall says wood chips have the potential at present to displace 60 per cent of oil used for heating on the Island — 20 per cent of oil used for all purposes — and makes the spectacular claim that with proper forest management wood chips could displace all heating oil. This would be even more true in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where the forest resource is more extensive.

Before that can happen, however, the price and technology must be such that the individual homeowner would want to switch from oil to wood chips. EMR did a consumer survey on the Island which showed, says Hall, that the consumer would be interested if the price of a unit could be lowered to the \$2,500 to \$3,000 range and if it was fully automated.

There are several domestic units being tested in homes on the Island now, but the price is high and they're not fully automated. In short, they require some manual stoking. However, advances are expected before too long. Hall says storage need not be a terribly big problem, although a tank about four times the size of a 200-gallon oil tank would be needed for equivalent energy storage.

Chipping is also considered a boost to forestry. A wood chip cooperative was incorporated in 1980 in the Wellington area of western P.E.I. La Coop Forestière has 103 members and serves two large institutions. Some 1,300 woodlot owners in the province (out of a total of 16,000) have signed woodlot management agreements, which specify the use of wood chips. The provincial forestry department wants to raise that to 2,000 to ensure supply, as part of a wider silviculture and forest management program.

Although P.E.I. went into it first, wood chip projects are also operating in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia has ten wood chip heating projects underway. One of the major installations is at Avon Foods in the Annapolis Valley where nine acres of greenhouses are heated with a modern wood chip system. Interest is growing, says Duncan MacAdam, who heads a fuel chips program for the Nova Scotia Forest Products Association, pointing out that nearly 200 attended a recent wood chip seminar in Truro.

New Brunswick meanwhile has developed 21 biomass heating projects, which include wood chips, shavings and sawdust — sawmill residues. One of the largest and most impressive projects is a district heating system which provides 75 per cent of the energy for the University of New Brunswick, the 450-bed Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital and other buildings.

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A scandal of wasted fish

They're stripping the roe and throwing away the whole herring. It's a waste of food and a nuisance for people of western Nova Scotia near whose homes the fish are dumped

by Belle Hatfield

Bob Ryerson still shudders at the memory of the odor that wafted up from trenches near his South Chegoggin, N.S., home last fall. Truckloads of herring were dumped in the pits and left to rot. "The smell was something unreal," he says. "I lived here 25 years and I never smelled anything worse."

Yet the smell may not have been the worst of it. The shame is that the herring is dumped fresh. It represents a gross waste of food in a hungry world. The herring are disposed of after having the roe — the eggs — stripped out for sale in Japan. It's like "a slaughterhouse marketing beef liver and throwing away the cow," says one disgusted fish industry insider.

"It's a crime what they're doing with those herring," is Bob Ryerson's comment. "Perfectly good they are, and they're just dumping them into the ground to rot."

Ryerson's sentiments are shared by most people in western Nova Scotia who venture an opinion on the subject, and who feel that the waste is scandalous. And his fear of having the herring dumped near his house again is echoed by many residents of Yarmouth and Shelburne counties who have had the same thing happen over the past couple of years.

Of the 70,000 tonnes of herring landed last year in western Nova Scotia, only about five to six per cent was used for food. The rest was turned into fish meal or, worse, thrown away. A portion was dumped at sea, but most of it was buried on land — some in accordance with government regulations, some of it indiscriminately. But all of it standing as a symbol of something fishy in the Bay of Fundy herring industry.

Ordinarily a good portion of this fish could be converted into a food source. Whole, pickled, salted, canned or in fillets, herring is one of the world's most versatile fish. But many processors that have scrambled on to the roe bandwagon cry that there are no markets for herring, no matter how it's disguised.

Rebounding herring stocks in the North and Baltic seas have diminished demand for Canadian exports of whole herring. The industry also suffers from an image problem caused by inconsistent quality in its herring exports during the late 1970s. But many of the small roe processors that have inundated the industry in the last two years have neither the capacity, ability nor desire to preserve the fish for food after removing the roe.

There were 50 plants processing herring roe from the Scotia/Fundy fishing district

last year, double the number from the previous year. Many of the new processors are operating cottage-type industries. They have no holding or freezing capacities for their product and usually channel their roe to the larger freezer-equipped fish plants.

Greg Peacock is a senior advisor on herring for the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) in Halifax. He says there are no simple solutions but for purposes of regulation "the fewer processors the less problematic the situation." He adds that "if the fish isn't handled properly, right from the moment it gets out of the water, by the time it gets past the roe process it isn't fit to be used for anything else."



Only five per cent of herring caught off western Nova Scotia is used for food

While DFO points the finger at fishermen and processors and at a lopsided market which demands the roe but not the fish, Dick Stewart of the Atlantic Herring Fishermen's Marketing Co-op in Yarmouth puts the blame on government. "The biggest problem with the fish carcasses is that there are too many departments involved, and one doesn't know what the other is doing. Everyone's passing the buck. One branch or department should have control, or a committee representing all those involved should act as the governing body." Stewart says seiner fishermen are concerned about the waste because "the more fully the fish is used the better price they can get."

Finding markets for herring isn't as easy as in the late 1970s when the Europeans were crying for Canadian fish, their own stocks having been depleted by overfishing. But the larger plant processors are not turning their backs on the whole herring market. Though no longer able to compete on the west Euro-

pean market, Michael Nowinsky of Schooner Seafoods, for example, has carved a niche for himself selling frozen herring to Poland and Russia. Nowinsky has been president of the plant in the Yarmouth County fishing community of Wedgeport since H.B. Nickerson Ltd. pulled out two years ago. His plant is utilizing between 45 and 50 per cent of the herring for food.

The roe market has been a boon to the company but he says he would be crazy to ignore the markets for fillets and braats — whole gutted fish — just because roe exports are now in high demand. Other large processors agree. They say the roe industry is volatile. That prognosis makes fishermen nervous.

Stewart returned from a trip to Japan in early March. He says the Japanese received herring roe from a variety of sources and Atlantic Canadian herring roe is not their first choice. "Japan is the most quality-conscious nation in the world," he says. "If west coast stocks rebound this roe fishery could disappear as fast as it came."

While admitting that the golden yellow fish eggs from Atlantic Canada can't compete with the best on the Japanese market, DFO's Peacock sees a continuing strong price for roe exports. Instead of competing head-to-head with the higher grades, which are used to make an expensive delicacy known as kazunoko, Atlantic coast roe has become the "TV dinner" of the Japanese middle class, he says. "You just take it out of a packet, cook it, and eat it."

If the market does remain stable serious steps must now be taken to alleviate problems like the ones experienced by Bob Ryerson. Peacock wants to see the waste cut from 50,000 to 10,000 tonnes. An electronic system will be instituted in the herring fishery to sort out the females from the males. That could cut in half the number of herring gutted for roe since males can now only be identified as such by opening them up. In order for Peacock's projections to work, however, there has to be a market for the whole fish. Skeptics say dumping will continue because there is no incentive for small fish processors to make the effort to find markets. "It's a matter of money. There isn't enough to be made for the effort required to develop the market," says one industry source.

Several agencies are investigating the possibility of using gutted herring as Canadian food aid for underdeveloped countries. Peacock says that talks are going on with the Canadian International Development Agency to that end, although no specific plan appears imminent.

If DFO's ideas can be implemented, the sight of discarded herring carcasses, so fresh their scales still glisten in the sun, may finally be nothing but the memory of a bad smell. But Peacock admits it will all take time. Meanwhile thousands of tonnes of fish will continue to go to waste. ☒

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A defiant wait for the last train through Bishop's Falls

There's increasing pressure to shut down the Newfoundland railway. No community will take it harder than Bishop's Falls

by Calvin Coish

It's a sunny Saturday morning and some 50 fully-loaded container cars lie idle on the railway tracks in the central Newfoundland town of Bishop's Falls. They arrived here the evening before, and another batch is expected along later in the day. "They have to sit here 'til Monday morning; they're not allowed to leave," says George Saunders. "The freight is deliberately being held here to discourage customers."

To Saunders, feisty mayor of this town of 5,000, the idle rail cars are just one example of Canadian National's determination to shut down the Newfoundland line completely. "What's been happening to the railway over the last 20 years has been a slow, steady erosion — almost unnoticeable and deliberately done that way so that it wouldn't be detected," he charges.

No community has been undermined more by the steady erosion of the province's rail service than Bishop's Falls, located in the centre of the province. In the heyday of rail in Newfoundland, CN employed more than 300 people here. Today, the number is down to 61 and dropping almost daily. "If those 61 jobs disappear," says Saunders, "it'll empty some classrooms, it'll spill over. The average railroader makes about \$25,000 a year; that's \$1.2 million coming out of the central Newfoundland economy." In addition, there are another 28 railway employees at nearby Grand Falls. Apart from the railway, the main employers are the pulp mill in Grand Falls and a regional office for Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro.

There was a time when Bishop's Falls was a beehive of railway activity. "I grew

up on Station Road, 50 feet from the tracks, and it was just hustle and bustle 24 hours a day, seven days a week," Saunders reminisces. "It seemed like this was one of the most stable parts of the province. No one could ever envision the railway in those days — the '50s and '60s — as being as small and insignificant as it is today." There used to be eight trains a day through Bishop's Falls. Now there are just two.

The railway began its decline around 1965, the year the Trans-Canada highway was completed across Newfoundland. In 1969 the Newfoundland rail passenger service disappeared with the suspension of the legendary "Newfie bullet" (an ironic name that reflected on its slowness), and CN has been chipping away at its rail freight service ever since.

"I don't blame this on the politicians," says Saunders. "I blame this on CN

management on the mainland and in Newfoundland. We've noticed, in particular during the last five years, they've been using the practice of attrition. They've done all this in the name of modernization. We notice that most of the people who have been 'attritioned' have been working members of the railway, not management. There was a time when there were eight men working with two supervisors; now there are two men working with eight supervisors."

Saunders sees the recent Canadian Transportation Commission (CTC) order to Terra Transport, CN's Newfoundland arm, to increase its Newfoundland freight rates to a break-even level as further proof of CN's resolve to shut down the railway. Saunders believes that upping the rail freight charges will strike a knockout blow to the railway and turn the province's already over-taxed highway into a driver's nightmare. The increased rates — almost double present levels — will hit Newfoundland businesses like a monstrous tidal wave.

As far as Saunders is concerned, the truckers have a big advantage already. "They're saying that the railway is losing \$40 million a year and it'd be a lot cheaper to go by truck," he says. "Sure it's a lot cheaper to go by truck. The trucker has a highway built out of taxpayers' dollars; that highway is maintained and cleared of snow by civil servants paid by government dollars. Now, I think if all the railway had to do was buy a licence each year and if they had a civil service crew maintaining the roadbed from Port aux Basques to St. John's, we could run one damn cheap railway."

George Robertson, a retired railway worker, adds that "some of the unions on the mainland, from Truro to Sydney, are getting quite concerned. They've told me that as Newfoundland goes, so go they."

"People who work with the railway are very frustrated," says Saunders. "They're wondering from one day to the next if they're going to be working, afraid to invest any money in a home or car."

While Premier Peckford's February announcement that his government supports maintaining and upgrading the Newfoundland railway was good news for Saunders, he's not sure it's enough. He would like the same commitment from Ottawa and CN. He may not get it. There have been an increasing number of calls to shut down the Newfoundland railway completely — including from the recent Nielsen task force on government spending.

Saunders has run into a roadblock in his efforts to meet with federal Transport Minister Don Mazankowski. The argument he's been getting is that Ottawa can't understand why he wants a meeting when no decision has been made. "We believe it's too late to meet once the decision has been made," he says, calling for a "positive outlook" — and for the Newfoundland government to resist any thought of bargaining away the railway for federal money or other benefits. ☒



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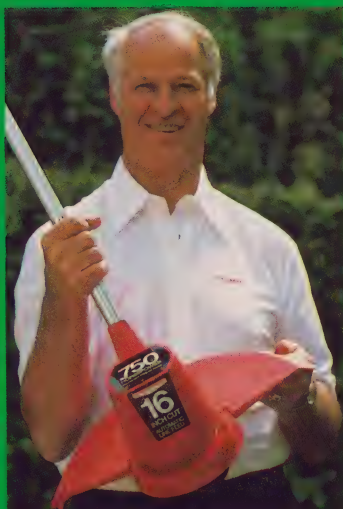
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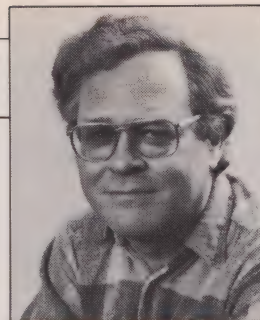


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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

A real life soap opera on the blue waters of paradise



The story of Dick and Rosie and Duke and Joan is like *Dynasty* without the villains. It boasts four generations of characters, myriad marriages, an impossibly sunny divorce, and three happy business yarns. Moreover, the adventures of Dick and Rosie and Duke and Joan have mostly occurred on a palm-fringed beach so beautiful the thought of leaving it hurts your heart. This soap opera began 27 years ago, when Dick Birch abandoned Canada for a chance to build cabins on the beach you'd never want to leave.

He was a young businessman from Toronto. He had a pretty wife, three kiddies, and no doubt that if he continued to be a good boy he'd have a comfy life. He'd married Joan, a Manitoban, in 1949, and risen fast in the Ford motor company. "If you'd met him," Joan explains, "you'd know why he was so good at sales. He's really a super guy, really a wonderful guy." (She left him 19 years ago.) With his brother Jack, Dick also got into the men's clothing business. They owned John Birch, the Man's Shop, in Hamilton, Ont., and it made money. "But Dick was doing a lot of thinking," Joan recalls. "He didn't want to spend the rest of his life telling people their shirts had to match their socks, or whatever?"

Dick and Joan sometimes snorkelled in the Muskoka resort district of Ontario but then, during a family vacation in Florida, they discovered the magic of scuba-diving in sub-tropical waters. "We could really see down there," Joan recalls. "For the first time, we could see *so much*. We got really turned on, and Dick kept thinking, *Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could find a place for whole families to go diving?*"

Dick's mother Dorothy, and his brother Jack, joined him and Joan in the search for a divers' paradise, and in 1959 they found it. It was just a strip of sand, where stubby sea grape flourished and young coconut palms swayed in the trade winds. It lay on the east coast of Andros, the biggest and least known of the Bahamian islands, and also one of the most sparsely settled. As Paul Wade wrote in *Gourmet Magazine*, "The eastern shore, thanks to the third-longest barrier reef in the world, is protected by a peaceful lagoon. One-hundred-and-forty-two miles of underwater fantasy are situated there for the explorer, who soon feels just like Jacques Cousteau."

By diving raft, the reef is only minutes offshore, and beyond it lie the seductions of the Tongue of the Ocean. To experience the Tongue, divers go down The Wall, a

sheer face of the reef that plummets 6,000 feet to the ocean floor. It would be here that Dick Birch, ex-haberdasher and car salesman, would one day set a world's depth record in scuba diving, plunging more than 400 feet in the ever-darkening blue; and it would be here, on other days, that he'd teach the likes of Pierre Trudeau how to dive. ("I no longer teach anyone but prime ministers," he jokes.)

Long before that, however, various Birches had bought the beach where the palms swayed. The Birches were all-out plungers, a classic example of not doing things by halves. "We wrote to all our friends and relatives," Joan recalls, "and we asked them if they'd like to invest down here in the sort of cottages you'd find at a Canadian lodge. We said we'd move here with our family, and run the place. . . . We formed Small Hope Bay Development Ltd., and we sold shares. . . . Jack (Birch) stayed behind for a year, and he sold the clothing store."

Joan solved the problem of her children's schooling with a characteristic display of energy — by going back to school herself, getting her teaching certificate in Hamilton, then landing a job as the first white schoolmarm at Calabash Bay, Andros Island. In a one-room schoolhouse, she taught not only her own youngsters but all the local black kids as well. Meanwhile, Dick has been building the first diving resort in the Bahamas. He used Andros pine, coral stone that he blasted loose with dynamite, an old rowboat that he installed as a bar in the main lodge, whatever local workmen he could round up, lots of ingenuity and his own bare hands.

Small Hope Bay Lodge opened for business at Christmas 1960, its first guests arriving by boat. Dick kept building cabins until a row of 20 stretched right down the southern end of the beach. Joan continued to teach school, but she also took reservations at the lodge. Jack helped run the place, too. They were all divers. Audrey, Jack's wife, ran the kitchen. Dorothy, mother of Dick and Jack, was there in the winter (and, indeed, she was there just last February, crowding 87 in Cabin One). Joan's mother installed drapes in the cabins, shopped in Miami for the lodge. (She's also in her mid-80s, and joins Joan in the Bahamas each winter.)

But changes shook paradise. Jack died at Small Hope Bay, and the family buried him at sea. Joan Birch, approaching 40, fell in love with LeRoy (Duke) Hannah, a black musician. A huge yacht dropped

anchor off the lodge. Tom and Rosie Kurth of Milwaukee were sailing around the world with their children. Rosie came ashore, fell in love with Dick Birch, left Tom for him. At the wedding of Joan Birch and Duke Hannah in 1967, the best man was Dick Birch. Rosie was there, too, but obviously not as the maid of honor, and I am making none of this up.

The three children of Dick and Joan all got married at the lodge and they, and each of their spouses, have all helped to run the place. So, indeed, have Rosie's four children. So has Peter, the Bahamian whom Dick and Rosie adopted, and Peter's wife, Gabrielle. It was Gabrielle, carrying baby Cara on her hip, who beamed, "Welcome to Small Hope Bay," after a rickety, brown Dodge had dumped me at the lodge. It had been Alex Blackwell — husband of Margot, the daughter of Dick and Joan, the stepdaughter of Rosie — who'd flown me from New Providence Island over to Andros Island in the lodge's little Grumman. It was Scott — son of Rosie, stepson of Dick — who gave me my first diving lesson. It was Jeff — son of Dick and Joan, stepson of Rosie — who offered to show me around Androsia. It's a batik factory, a bustling cottage industry that flogs women's fashions in the priciest Nassau hotels. Rosie founded it, Jeff helps run it, and over on New Providence Island, there's a woman who always wears Androsia while running the Bahamian eatery that she and her second husband have made famous.

The woman is Joan, wife of Duke, ex-wife of Dick. The eatery is Traveller's Rest, and under her management it has delighted the likes of The Rolling Stones, Arthur Hailey, Burgess Meredith, Donald Sutherland and Larry Hagman. Each Sunday afternoon, at the invitation of Duke Hannah, Bahamian bands gather at Traveller's Rest for jam sessions that, as the saying goes, "really make you shake your leg." Joan still takes reservations for the diving lodge she left almost 20 years ago, and it's hard to get away from Small Hope Bay without having someone tell you how crazy you'd be to go to Nassau without dining at her restaurant.

She's 59 now, a petite, quick, charming woman with a husky voice that seems to have survived a lot of Rothmans. Listening to her, I couldn't help thinking that, once in a while, a corny ad slogan perfectly suits someone's life. For Dick and Rosie and Duke and Joan, "It's Better in the Bahamas." No doubt about it. It really is.



PHOTOS BY ERIC HAYES

The medicine of hope

Treating sick kids is a great, tender enterprise carried out in an atmosphere of optimism. It happens at the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax

by Susan MacPhee

The door leading to the operating room opens with a pneumatic wheeze and in rolls what looks like a bed with 18 legs and arms rigged with a profusion of tubes, wires and intravenous stands. Actually, it's the OR team delivering a patient from surgery. Within seconds, they've positioned the bed and are busy hooking up all the equipment. Head nurse Kate Connors is helping sort out what appears to be total confusion.

Surprisingly the noise level in the room doesn't appreciably increase with their arrival. The nine people around the bed, when they speak, do so quietly. No shouting prima donnas here. Within a few minutes the apparent confusion reveals itself to be an intense, orderly directed operation.

This, in short, is no TV doctor show. But neither is it your average hospital drama. For at the centre of it all, nestled amongst the banks of expensive monitoring equipment, is a tiny child. She's small and still, unaware in her anaesthetic sleep, human and very

vulnerable. A respirator is doing the work of her lungs. The other machines are spewing out their data. It is, rather, a day in the life of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax, where dealing with tiny patients with confidence and alacrity is part of normal routine.

The kids treated here come from all three Maritime Provinces and occasionally from Newfoundland and the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They come for treatment of acute and chronic illnesses and conditions, for elective and emergency surgery. Some are brought by their parents, others are transported by ambulance, and even Air Search and Rescue transport when the child is in a life threatening situation.

Close to 100,000 children ranging in age from a few hours up to 16 years are treated here every year. Between April 1, 1984 and March 31, 1985 the hospital handled 9,204 in-patients. Emergency sees an average of 100 kids a day, with last year's total at 35,702 in this department alone. That figure doesn't include the phone calls fielded by the Poison

Control Centre for the Atlantic region, situated in the IWK's Emergency area. There were 4,039 calls in 1985, of which 687 came from doctors and hospitals in the region. The hospital offers a total of 54 specialty clinics for its patients — everything from dermatology to cardiovascular surgery to dentistry. The list seems endless. And if these services weren't offered at the IWK, many children from all over the Maritimes would have to go as far away as Montreal and Toronto to receive specialized pediatric care. In addition, the IWK is a teaching and research hospital — the only one in the Maritimes providing pediatric training.

As for the diseases and their treatment, surgeon-in-chief Dr. Alec Gillis says there's a trend toward more complicated and difficult surgery as medical technology advances. "The absolute number of cases going into the OR has diminished," says Gillis, "but the total number of OR hours has gone up." The same is true of the intensive care unit where the cases are fewer but more complicated.

Regarding other surgery, Gillis adds, "We do a lot of cardiacs now — between 85 and 100 open heart surgeries in a year, and about an equal number of normal heart operations. But the biggest thing,

I guess, is the trend toward neo natal?"

The hospital is now treating patients weighing less than a kilogram. "Think now," says Gillis, "that's less than 1000 grams, less than 2.2 pounds." The patients are so tiny that to do that type of surgery, surgeons have to wear magnifying loops.

There are an increasing number of kidney transplants as well — an operation not possible a few years ago. Gillis says the most frequent surgical procedures for the premature infants include cardiac, abdominal wall defects and swallowing problems related to blockages in throat tubes — all due to the infants' early arrival. With older children, the most frequent requirements are for "colon operations, tubes in ears, hernias, squints... things like that." The president of medical staff, Dr. Philip Bagnell, adds that aside from being the "second largest cardiovascular surgical facility in the country, another major part of our caseload is chronic renal disease. But the number one area here would be respiratory disease like asthma or croup."

Esther MacMaster is head of the psychiatric unit where they have patients who are "everything from sexually abused kids to depressed or suicidal, anorexic, bulimic and even school phobics." The latter may sound strange. But MacMaster says it can get to be very serious, with the child absolutely refusing to go near the school. Then treatment is required.

The method of treatment on the unit, for the most part, is "behavior modification, trimmed to meet the needs of children." The workers on the unit try when possible to "treat the family as a whole, since often a child's condition is a result of or exaggerated by the family situation." These family sessions are held on a weekly or bi-weekly basis.

MacMaster points out that there's "a lot of stigma attached to going to a mental hospital" and that being able to send a child to the psychiatric ward of the IWK rather than to the Nova Scotia Hospital, eliminates a lot of that stigma. She says there can be frustration, particularly in the treatment of anorexia nervosa patients, who are chronic returnees to the psych unit, but that on the whole "it's a progressive treatment; you see the results of your work."

The IWK is an eight-storey building of grey stone in the heart of peninsular Halifax with bright, high windows forever decorated with children's drawings. It opened in 1970, funded by a gift of \$8 million from Dorothy Killam, widow of Nova Scotia-born millionaire Izaak Walton Killam, \$6 million in government funds and a further \$6 million from various private donations. The Nova Scotia government pays operating expenses, but the 323-bed hospital is responsible for its own capital expenses, such as the purchase of new equipment. The other provinces are billed a per diem rate per patient by the Nova Scotia health department.

The hospital has become known for



Surgeon-in-chief Gillis sees a trend to more complicated surgery

its high profile fund-raising drives such as the large telethon last June, a Christmas mail canvass and the annual fair called Kermesse. These, plus private donations and endowments, sometimes foster the impression that the hospital is a "fat cat." The suspicion was raised again this winter. "The idea seems to be that we're salting it away," says Liz Crocker, a member of the board of directors. In fact, the hospital had an operating deficit of

over a million dollars in 1985 which the government didn't cover and which the board had to absorb by dipping into its non-government cash — a worrisome practice since putting private money into operations means less money to purchase new technology which, with time, officials fear may restrict the hospital's ability to attract high quality medical personnel.

Gillis speculates that the image of financial well-being may have something



The eight-storey IWK is a city landmark, its windows bright with children's drawings



Marilee Daigle (left) and Crystal Wedge recuperate in the home-like setting provided in order to normalize a child's stay in hospital

to do with the hospital's physical image. "The public come in and see bright colors, a cheerful atmosphere," he says, and he's right. From the big blue cookie monster in the lobby to the wallpaper with woodland scenes to drawings, murals, toys, the place is designed specifically around the needs of children and exudes hope, life and activity. The hospital reflects modern day precepts of pediatric medicine which encourages a holistic

treatment of childhood diseases. Another clue to the hospital's sensitivity to young patients' needs are the signs that read "visiting hours 11 a.m.-8 p.m.. Mummies and daddies anytime."

Things weren't always thus, recalls Liz Crocker, who was the founding director of the Child Life program, which aims at making life more "normal" for children in hospital. "When I first went to work there parents were classified as

visitors, and were quite limited in visiting time with their children. Over the years, there's been significant change in the understanding of the needs of both patients and parents... and since the early '70s, parents have been classified as *parents* and encouraged to spend time with their children and even to stay overnight. In terms of attitude, a major change."

Linda Skinner is the current director of Child Life, and she says the program



Linda Skinner with Barry Stoddard says job satisfaction is high



Volunteer Catherine Weld handpaints Richard Brooks' knee

— which services, using volunteers, all departments in the hospital and does home care too — is “the hospital’s way of saying we know kids and what to do to make things better when they have to be hospitalized.” Skinner’s office is crammed with books, either for or about kids, and with toys and stuffed animals. Job satisfaction is high, she says. “Part of our job is to become emotionally involved.” Child Life has some 15 employees plus about 200 volunteers. They give school classes for patients there for more than three weeks and provide recreation, life skills training and companionship. They also try to help the children to understand the medical processes — a task that can be difficult at times. Skinner tells of a child who became unusually hysterical when faced with blood tests. She and a nurse sat with the child and extracted her story. Her understanding was that we are born with a certain amount of blood, and that’s it. No extras for anybody. She also knew a child who had died of leukemia, and understood leukemia to be a disease where they take your blood away. So she assumed, with a chilling logic, that if they took much more blood, she’d die of leukemia. In short, all the child’s questions need to be answered, even if the questions themselves have to be coaxed out.

Child Life people work along with medical staff to normalize the child’s stay in hospital. Mandy Cahill is a two-year-old from Alberton, P.E.I., whose cystic fibrosis was diagnosed when she was two and a half months. Her mother, Darlene Cahill, came with her to Halifax in the Coast Guard’s air search and rescue helicopter. “It was really scary. I had never been to Halifax, let alone to the hospital, and the thought of Mandy having CF was staggering in itself. But the minute we got to the IWK there was a really good feeling, there were people there ready to take care of her.” She adds that “we go back every six to eight weeks with her now and they make parents feel so confident. It’s a good atmosphere, reassuring. And Mandy isn’t afraid of the hospital at all.”

The major trend in pediatric medicine right now is to keep kids out of hospital as much as possible, a direction reflected in the IWK’s policy. In the past couple of years the hospital outpatient population has gone from 20 per cent to 50 per cent of total patients.

“The ideal mission is to be promoting child health, but in reality of course, children get sick,” says board of governors president A. Keith Thompson. “Given we have to treat ill children, then the ideal is to treat them at home.”

Using the IWK’s outpatient clinic doesn’t necessarily mean that you have to live in Halifax, or even Nova Scotia. “We have an active outreach service in which each discipline goes out several times a year,” says surgeon-in-chief Gillis. “It’s useful for both screening admissions and for follow-ups.” Not only is it useful for the doctors to be able to

personally follow-up on cases from out of province, it brings considerable relief to parents who worry about a child’s condition between trips to Halifax for check-ups. Pam and Chuck Carter’s 17-month-old son was born in Saint John with a severe heart defect and had to be transported to Halifax shortly after his birth. He has had surgery, and is at home doing well. But his mother says, “I would probably be a nervous wreck if the doctors from the IWK didn’t come around every three months. My doctor here is excellent, but he isn’t an expert in Christopher’s problem, so you do get nervous.”

Bev England, also of Saint John, has a five-year-old with heart trouble. “Hal was born with two holes in his heart and we went to Halifax two or three times for testing, then for surgery. He found the hospital fun. . . it’s like a second home for him.” But with another three-year-old daughter and a new baby on the way, England finds the cardiovascular clinic run by IWK doctors at Saint John Regional Hospital a blessing.

doctor in New Brunswick — where there is no pediatric nephrologist — on how to handle an infant kidney case. The work load coming from this consultative care has been increasing, as more and more IWK-trained professionals work throughout the Maritimes and contact the hospital for specialized advice. Also, doctors, and nurses too, have often received calls from parents whose children have been patients there asking for advice on worrisome matters. Darlene Cahill in P.E.I. says she doesn’t know where she’d be without the IWK. “I can call Halifax anytime and be reassured,” she says. “There isn’t any question too small.”

Inside the hospital, there’s the same feeling of not having “any question too small.” Dr. Philip Bagnell, president of the medical staff, says that’s a function of being a pediatric hospital. “Everyone here has chosen to be here,” he says. “There’s no problem in having a people focus.”

Ruby Blois, director of the nursing and special services section, sees a big change in pediatric medicine in that regard. “The

The IWK has patients from terrifyingly tiny babies to 16-year-olds. It’s so different from adult hospitals — the difference is hope

England found the whole experience of having to take off suddenly for a strange city with a new baby so unnerving that she, along with Pam Carter, has started a help group called Parents for Parents. They’ve put together a package for parents containing a Halifax city map, highway maps for getting there, phone numbers for the RCMP, the IWK information desk, Ronald McDonald house (which accommodates parents from out of town), a list of the banks and restaurants close to the hospital — and a quarter for the parking meter, since parking is notoriously scarce in Halifax.

Members of the group also make themselves personally available to parents going through the crisis of a child’s illness. England remembers one of the most difficult things was the feeling of being all alone, the only parent who has ever experienced this. “To have someone say, I’ve gone through it and it worked out well is so important. Until I talked with a woman at Ronald McDonald House, I had only heard of cases that were unsuccessful. It was so good to hear good news.”

The IWK also provides consultative care long distance — a phone conversation with a family doctor hundreds of miles away on what to do about a baby who’s swallowed a marble, advice to a

biggest change has been in parental involvement. It was long overdue.” She says it was intimidating for some nurses at first to have the parents watching everything that’s going on. But she insisted on the philosophy that parents can really help and suggested to some that “if you can’t accept family participation, then maybe you shouldn’t be in pediatrics.”

That attitude has meant a lot in making the IWK into a family-oriented institution. Some people worried, and still do, that the very attributes that make pediatric professionals good at their work — fondness for children, compassion, ability to relate and willingness to become emotionally involved to a certain extent — may at times push them to taking over too much of the parental role.

Eleanor Lindsay is head nurse on 7 West — specializing in infant medicine. Lindsay feels the parents’ role in the treatment of a child is essential. “I am very conscious that we must never outstep the parent’s place, and I try to indoctrinate the staff with that,” she says. She feels so strongly about it that, along with Maartje Stroink from the Child Life program, she made a film on the subject, for use in training pediatric nurses, called *Whose Baby Is It?* In it, three sets of parents from around the Maritimes tell

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of their experiences, good and bad, and the fears and feelings of loss they felt while their children were seriously ill at the IWK.

An example of the IWK's philosophy of parental involvement is the Dr. Richard B. Goldbloom "care-by-parent" unit, also on the seventh floor. The six-room unit allows parents to live in the hospital with a child, usually for one week. The unit is for families of children with chronic conditions. During the week on the unit, they learn how to care for the child's medical needs. The IWK will also put cots in the children's rooms so that parents can stay overnight, and there are several "parent rooms" throughout the hospital. Ronald McDonald House, supported by the McDonalds hamburger chain and public donations, is just a few minutes walk from the hospital.

For the children whose parents can't be with them, and who need more time and affection than it's possible for medical staff to offer, there are volunteers — 315 of them right now — doing such things as running the information desk in the lobby and raising funds as well as helping patients. They fill roles that vary from surrogate mother — or father — to a tiny infant in neo natal who may have weighed as little as 500 grams at birth to navigating wheelchair patients from one test to the next through the hospital. The Kiwanis "Golden K" group puts 29 members to work in the hospital every week. Founding member Brent MacDonald says the group spends 225 hours a month, doing things like patient escort, sorting or stuffing envelopes for the fundraising office, and spending time with lonely kids.

The prospect of going into the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children can be a daunting one for the first-time visitor. One thinks of a building full of children in pain with chronic and fatal illnesses and how terrible it must be. But inside the front door is the cookie monster, and the bright colors and the energetic children scattered through the whole building. Looking happy. Playing. Up at the entrance to the intensive care unit there's a big grinning paper bear with the name, "Intensive Care Bear." The acute care unit specializing in infant medicine has some very sick children, and the most outrageously cheerful, bright red, baby bus. In neo natal there are infants who are so terrifyingly tiny, you could hold them in one hand. But there's a feeling of strength emanating from them. You see children sitting up and reading or talking the day after major surgery. It is so different from adult hospitals. The difference is hope.

A. Keith Thompson says it's all in the special attraction a child has. You have to feel he or she can be helped. "Who is there who isn't somehow touched by a child? You're thinking about the next generation, the country's potential for tomorrow."



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Alfie Cadden's new heart

Canada's youngest heart transplant patient is a bundle of energy and hero of New Waterford, N.S.

by Robert N. Wall

Alfred Cadden, Jr. is a typically shy, energetic 16-year-old. With one big exception. He is alive today because he has someone else's heart.

In February 1985, he became Canada's youngest recipient of a transplanted heart. He also became an instant celebrity in his home town — the mining community of New Waterford, N.S., on the northeastern coast of Cape Breton. When he first arrived from the University Hospital in London, Ont., in May, crowds lined the main street to cheer and wave as he passed in the motorcade from the airport.



OWEN FITZGERALD

Alfie's ambition is to become a commercial fisherman

Before the operation, Alfie was confined to bed. His heart, damaged by a viral infection, was barely strong enough to sustain his life. To move the length of the room was to struggle for breath. To climb stairs, walk to the corner dairy or go fishing with his father was out of the question. Medication failed to control his wildly beating heart. A transplant was the only option left.

For Alfie, it was a frightening choice. "I was scared. I told them, no, I wouldn't do it. But I had to go through with it. I was panting and puffing all the time. I tried to get up and couldn't. My heart was going 250 beats a minute. That is pretty fast."

Since Dr. Christiaan Barnard performed the first heart transplant in Capetown, South Africa in 1967, the procedure has become almost routine. Close to a thousand individuals around the world (more than 80 of them Canadian) have received the chance for a new life from a heart transplant. At first, the risk of death for the recipient was very high. The body rejected the foreign tissue of the donor heart. Drugs to prevent rejection also suppressed the body's immune

system and allowed normally harmless infections to spread uncontrolled throughout the body. The inability to fight infection was the most common cause of death among heart transplant recipients.

In 1979, cyclosporin, a drug made from secretions of fungi found in the soil, was successfully tested. It overcame the tendency to reject foreign tissue but did not neutralize the body's ability to fight infection.

Twice each day, Alfie stirs precisely 3.75 millilitres ($\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon) of cyclosporin into a glass of chocolate milk and drinks it. "I have to take it with the chocolate milk," says Alfie, "because it tastes so bad, like transmission fluid . . . not that I ever drank that."

While cyclosporin keeps the youngster's body from rejecting the new heart, it has some minor yet annoying side-effects. Alfie's weight jumped to over 235 pounds and his hands become stiff and sore when exposed to even slight cold.

So, he takes daily doses of four other medications to control the side-effects. These medications and regular physical checkups will be part of his routine for as long as he lives. Odds are good that it will be a long time. Emmanuel Vitoria, a Frenchman who received his heart transplant in 1968 is still vigorous and healthy today as the longest-living transplant patient.

After his last check-up in London, Alfie was told to start a regular exercise program, lose some weight and start living a normal life. Now he is working towards his ambition of becoming a commercial fisherman. For the past six months he has been employed by Richard Power, a New Waterford fisherman. In the workshop behind Power's home, on a cliff overlooking the ocean, Alfie is building lobster traps. When the season opens this month, he'll work on Power's boat. At sea, Alfie will haul the traps, remove the catch and reset them as Power pilots the boat along the trap line.

With 300 traps to haul each day, the work will be heavy and hard. Power is not worried about Alfie's ability to handle the job. "He's been with me for six months

now . . . in the woods cutting black spruce for the traps . . . carrying them out to the truck . . . working here in the barn and around the boat. The way I've seen him work, I don't worry at all. I don't even think about his heart anymore. If I thought there was anything to worry about, I wouldn't have him out on the boat with me. No way, it's too dangerous."

The strenuous work also helped Alfie control his weight. "I work him pretty hard," says Power, "I'm after knocking 35 pounds off him already, what with working in the woods and all."

Alfie's return from near death to vigorous life is more than a personal triumph. When he was rushed to London to await the tragic act of fate which provided his new heart, the townspeople rallied to help. Neighbor Betty Gillis and town councillor Theresa Burns started a fund to support the family as they kept vigil near the hospital. The generosity of the town, where unemployment and poverty are commonplace, was overwhelming. More than \$50,000 poured into the fund in just six weeks. The town adopted Alfie. When he returned home he was accorded the status of local hero. Wherever he went, someone was looking out for him and worrying. "They don't think I can do anything," says Alfie, "but I can. I feel great."

Burns was astonished by Alfie's return to health. "Heart transplant — that sounded like something that the people in big cities have, not a little place like New Waterford. He's a walking miracle to me."

But Alfie is determined to prove that he can do anything his friends can. The day after he arrived home from his successful six-month checkup, he was out in front of the house enjoying a brisk game of road hockey with some of his friends.

Alfie's friend Stan Power isn't worried about the new heart. "Before the operation he was real bad, but now I know he's all right. We went hunting rabbit together the other day. We must have tramped about ten miles through the woods and he wasn't even puffing."

For his mother, it's not so easy. "I get nightmares thinking about him. He's got staples in his chest where they fixed it back together. I'm afraid he'll get a bump and they'll pop out. I'm so used to seeing him like he was, I can't get used to the idea of him running around. It scares me."

Physical fitness is another new part of Alfie's life. He has a rowing machine, an exercise bicycle and a set of weights in his basement. Every morning he spends just over an hour rowing, pedalling and pressing weights.

His next goal is to get his own fishing licence. A 35-foot boat, built by his father sits waiting in the garage. Alfie believes he can do it and his family, friends and the whole town of New Waterford are helping to make his dream a reality. ☒

Degahbur lives! How we helped

Degahbur was one of the hardest hit villages in the African famine. Aid from the Maritimes helped it through and saved hundreds of lives. Hopefully, the adopt-a-village idea will spread

Beyond the tennis courts, swimming pools and flowering shrubs of the Addis Ababa Hilton, the slums of Ethiopia begin. They go out in all directions: a desert of deprivation tenuously alleviated by western aid and the rains of last spring and summer that brought some — but only some — relief from the drought that has devastated northern Africa and killed millions.

The slums eventually give way to parched earth and, to the east, to the sands of the Ogaden Desert. On the northern edge of the Ogaden, about 200 miles from the capital, lies a community of refugees, farmers and nomads that has become special to the Maritime Provinces, and vice versa. It is Degahbur, where countless lives have been saved by aid from the Maritimes over the past year and a half.

It began with an emergency airlift of food and medical supplies to the Ogaden from Halifax at Christmas, 1984. Organized by John Godfrey, president of King's College in Halifax, and Peter Dalglish, an articling lawyer, the emergency program raised money from Maritimers in the heat of the publicity over the Ethiopian famine. While in the Ogaden to help distribute the aid, Godfrey wondered how the program could be extended beyond a one-shot affair. The idea of "adopting" a village came to him. Donors in the Maritimes might be more inclined to keep giving if they knew who was receiving the aid, and could be sure it was getting there, somewhat in the way the Foster Parents Plan functions for individuals.

There were many villages to choose from. But "when we got to Degahbur it seemed the most pathetic," says Godfrey. "Each of the villages had something but I couldn't find anything in Degahbur. The tone is set when you fly into the place; there's a crashed DC-3 which they've hauled into the bushes, the malnutrition rate was high and the town itself was pretty frazzled."

Meanwhile the key ingredient came into play: television. Dave Wright, host of ATV's supper-hour current affairs program *Live at 5* took a personal interest in the adoption plan and his reports — including two from Ethiopia — kept the donations coming. To date about



Products from the Maritimes were airlifted in and the malnutrition rate has been reduced

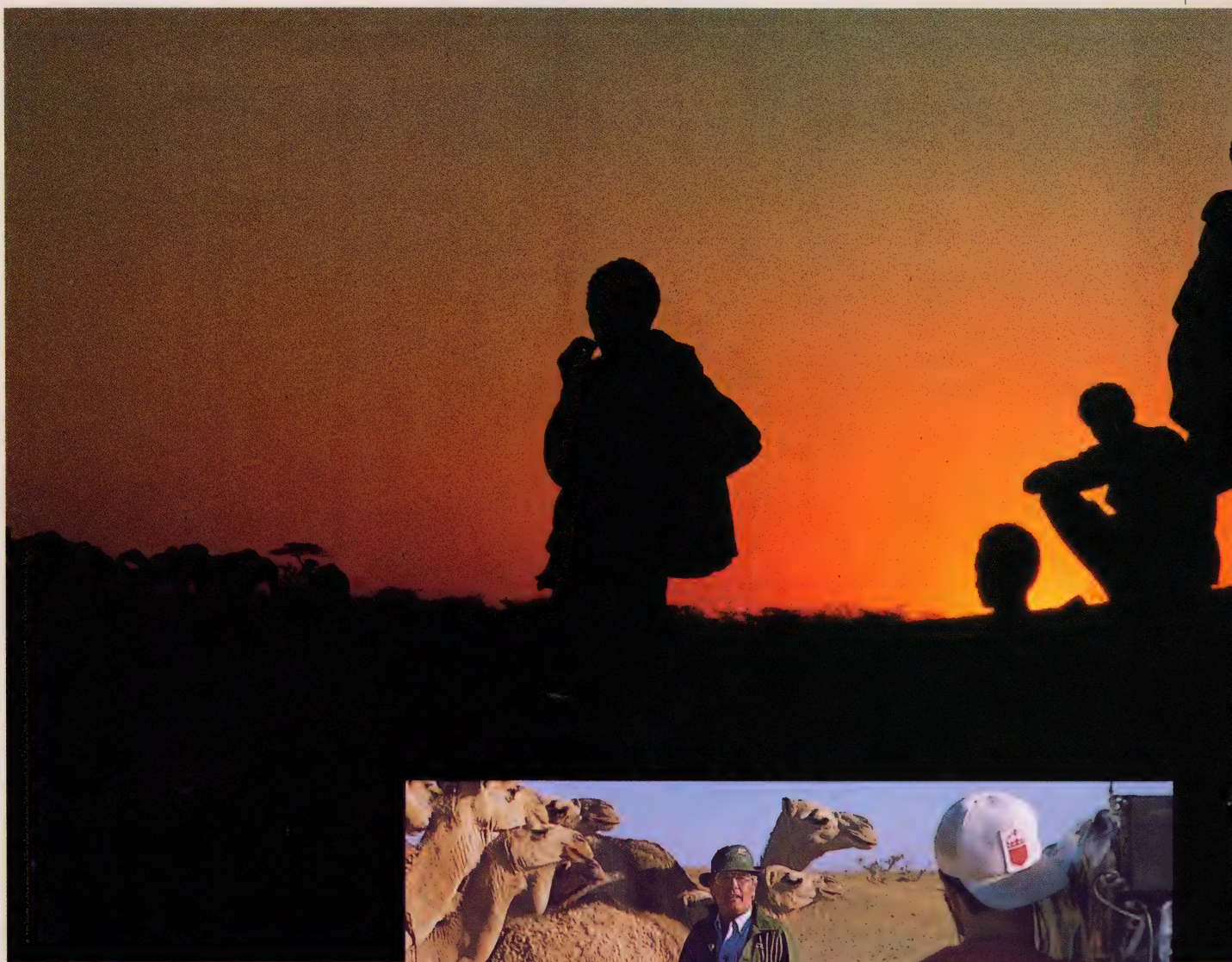
\$500,000 in aid has been raised mostly as a result of Wright's appeals.

Degahbur's population varies between 12,000 and 25,000 people at different times as nomadic cattle people move seasonally to find fresh vegetation for their animals (the total population of the Ogaden is some 800,000). The permanent population is made up of farmers and other villagers.

From the air, the visitor is struck by the flatness of the terrain, the reddish, dry soil and the virtual absence of any vegetation. However, any time now, if the rains come as they did last spring and summer, the land will burst out in green literally overnight.

The village itself is about a mile square. It's composed of low adobe-type huts, many with corrugated tin roofs enclosed by fences made of sticks or corrugated sheets to prevent animals from wandering in. Through the dusty streets treads a constant stream of humans, cattle, goats, sheep and chickens. Camels stay on the perimeters of the village.

Near the main village, which is a service centre for the nomads, is a raggedy collection of *tukuls*, shelters made from a framework of sticks covered with rags and skins where several thousand refugees huddle in a great human mass. The crowded conditions of this encampment, which sprang up at the peak of the



drought, have contributed to outbreaks of tuberculosis, dysentery and cholera.

Along the main street bars sell cheap gin and homemade beer and a visitor can get a meal of goat or lamb by seating himself at a table in a home that caters to travellers. Curious children crowd around visitors, while their mothers hang back in uncertainty. The men are off tending animals. There is a certain dignity in the bearing of these people, who are Somali (Somalia lies between the Ogaden and the Indian Ocean) and mostly nomadic pastoralists. More than half the population is under 15 years of age.

Last year, because of the rains, "there was a crop," says John Godfrey, "but still, a few months without aid and things would be the same again." The malnutrition rate, he says, has been reduced from 40 per cent to four per cent. Apart from the food and medical aid that started with the original airlift, Maritimers' donations are now going towards more permanent projects. During their first trip to Ethiopia to report on the results of the airlift, Wright and his cameraman, Dave Pike, met with Dr. Klaus Hornetz, director of the Lutheran World Federation Project in the Ogaden, Walter Msimang, head of



Dave Wright's television reports were instrumental in raising \$500,000 from the Maritimes

the World University Service of Canada (WUSC — the body which handles the distribution of aid from the Maritimes in Degahbur) and others and drew up a list of priorities.

A fully-equipped mobile medical unit to allow a local doctor to get to ailing nomads in the desert was top priority. Other priorities were a ten-ton truck with a large tank known as an Oxfam water bladder, a vaccination program to curb a child mortality rate of one in three, a new feeding centre and subsurface diversion dams for the collection of rainwater. They also decided to repair and supply

a school damaged earlier. The price tag was \$150,000, which was collected in two weeks after Wright's first show of Feb. 25 last year.

This year Wright returned and reported again on Feb. 25 this year. Another \$150,000 came in and was shipped off this spring to continue and expand on the projects. "We saved the south," is Wright's comment after his second trip. "WUSC and other supplies saved the Ogaden desert from a fate worse than the north. If we had not been there what would have happened in the Ogaden would have made the north look like a minor mishap. It



The population varies as nomads move seasonally; half its number are children under 15 years

would have been absolutely disastrous.”

Godfrey now hopes Maritime aid can move beyond a merely sustaining role and help the community become self-sufficient — do things like “plant trees” to keep the desert at bay and promote agriculture — although he cautions that progress will depend on a higher proportion of nomads staying put in one place.

At what is still called the “airlift office” at King’s College, Alan Riches, the only full-time volunteer, says that although contributions dropped off somewhat several months after Wright’s first broadcast, they picked up again last De-

cember and again after the show this February. This spring Riches mailed 6,000 tax receipts and calculates there were between 10,000 and 12,000 donors last year.

Recently Riches scrambled by phone to find transportation for 10,000 pounds of medical supplies for Degahbur after learning that it would cost \$50,000 to send them by commercial airline. An armed forces official in Ottawa offered to take them aboard a military transport during a regular world training flight.

Godfrey’s visionary adopt-a-village plan has now been picked up by Toronto, Scarborough and Chatham in Ontario and

the entire province of British Columbia. Winnipeg and Ottawa are engaged in a similar community adoption plan called People to People in conjunction with Canadian University Services Overseas.

In Britain, Godfrey’s zeal convinced some academic friends to establish African Neighbors, and he’s now working on “cracking the American market” by shipping out tapes of Wright’s two shows. He has targeted trend-setting New York as a start, hoping that it could become a model for other U.S. cities.

But unlike the Maritimes, in other Canadian cities television has not become involved in the relief effort and as a result the adoption plans have not been as successful. Late last year, Toronto had collected only about \$60,000. “The thing that surprises me is why other stations in every major market right across the country haven’t become involved,” says Wright. “Without television it just doesn’t fly.”

Obviously impressed by television’s role in saving Degahbur, broadcasters in Canada awarded Wright and ATV the Canadian Association of Broadcasters Gold Ribbon Award for community service.



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Avanti

By duMAURIER

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The art of ordinary folk: a treasure of Atlantic Canada

Folk art — the work of untrained artists — has a strong tradition in Atlantic Canada. This tradition is being increasingly “discovered.” Is that a good thing?

by Sue MacLeod
and donalee Moulton-Barrett

Maud Lewis was dying. The arthritis she suffered for years had finally crippled her body to the point that she could barely move. The pain was severe. Even worse, for Maud, was what the disease had done to her hands: curled them inward so rigidly that she could no longer hold a paint brush. A friend came to the rescue with a set of thin felt pens which Maud was able to use. Canada's best known folk artist spent her final days in bed in the Yarmouth hospital drawing Christmas cards for the nurses on the ward.

Maud Lewis, who lived in Marshalltown, N.S., has often been called “the Grandma Moses of Canada.” Like all artists, she created for the joy of it. In addition to turning out a huge volume of canvasses, Lewis painted the cast iron stove, the cooking pots, the walls — virtually every available spot in the tiny home she shared with her husband, Everett. Her distinctive oxen — with their glamorous, curling eyelashes — were a particular favorite after her work was discovered and brought to public notice in the late 1960s, only a few years before her death.



Maud Lewis painted every spot in her tiny home

BOB BROOKS

Since that time, folk art has become widely recognized and respected in the region. In 1976, the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia purchased its first piece of folk art: a large, decorated wooden ship crafted by Peter Frotten of Shelburne. Today, the gallery has more than 100 folk art pieces. “It is one of the priorities,” says curator Bernard Riordon. A large show entitled *Spirit of Nova Scotia: Traditional Decorative Folk Art, 1780-1930* opened in Saskatoon in January to rave reviews in the national media (*Maclean's*, for example, called it “an ambitious testimony to the beauty of useful things”). It will tour Canada before returning in the fall of '87 to be the premiere show at the gallery's new location. “Folk art provides people with joy,” Riordon notes. It also reflects culture and heritage. Chris Huntington, an antique auctioneer and folk art collector in Blockhouse, N.S., talks about the rich variety of folk art in Atlantic Canada: “Society just moved slower here. Society here is a little more isolated, which has to do with the naive point of view.”

“Naive” is another term for folk art. So are “primitive,” “country” and “non-academic.” For years scholars have tried to define and categorize the form. Marjolaine Bourgeois, acting director of the art gallery of the University of Moncton, calls folk art “the art of the people.” Bernard Riordon describes it as “grass roots, whimsical, fun, spontaneous and fanciful.”

Critics do agree on one point: folk art is the work of the untrained hand. Folk artists don't graduate from art school. They seldom visit art galleries. Their work holds no tie with the artistic trends of its day, but springs instead from the age-old craft tradition.

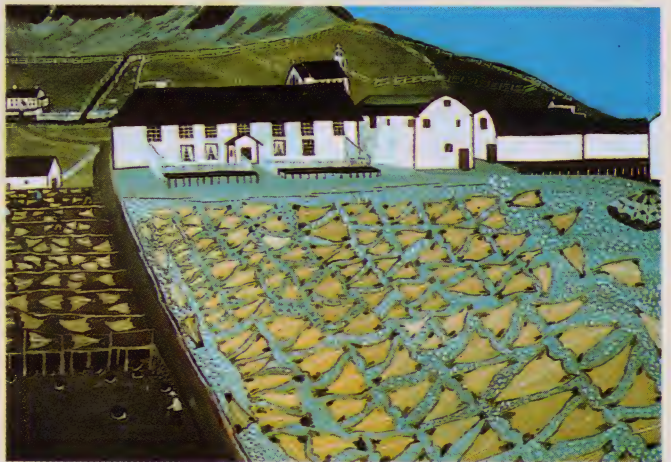
How does a particular piece earn the designation “folk art”? This depends on the care with which it is crafted, and on the artist's instinctive understanding of color, rhythm and balance. To this, add his unique point of view — the humor, the per-

sonal sense of beauty and vitality — woven, intrinsically, into the work. Folk art is characterized by strong, bold design; folk painting by vibrant primary colors, often void of shading and nuance.

Atlantic Canadian folk art takes many forms. There are paintings, wooden sculpture, quilts, hooked rugs, samplers, weather vanes, sailors' decorated needle cases, ships' figureheads, homemade postcards, old shop signs, duck decoys, hand-carved gameboards, painted bottles, decorated furniture and chests, whirligigs and models of buildings and boats.

Some contemporary varieties can be spotted, quite unexpectedly, on a drive through the countryside. In 1983 Patricia Grattan, curator of the art gallery of Memorial University in St. John's, compiled a photographed exhibition, *Flights of Fancy: Newfoundland Yard Art*. Outdoor displays ranging from intricate miniature lighthouses to patchwork-painted rocks are especially common in Newfoundland.

Folk art motifs can also vary from one province to another. In Prince Edward Island, from the 1900s to the 1930s, the



Goodridge Premises by Arch Williams: a scene near his home

fox was a popular theme in folk painting. The Island's fox breeding industry began around the turn of the century, explains Mark Holton, curator of the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum. It was a way for poor people in a poor province to make large sums of money. The animal's significance was documented by folk artists doing as they have always done: re-creating the world of their own small communities.

Newfoundland's beloved folk artist Arch Williams, who died three years ago, painted pictures of Ferryland, on the south shore of the Avalon Peninsula where he and several generations of his family had been born and lived their lives. Like many folk artists, Williams started late — he didn't begin painting until age 73 — when he had time on his hands. Before long, Arch Williams was “discovered.” A large commercial gallery in Toronto offered to handle his work. Williams declined. He wanted his paintings to stay in Newfoundland. His reputa-

tion grew, however, and visitors were soon making beelines for Ferryland, hoping to go home with a painting.

Did the recognition change his art? Williams thought so. He started painting a little bit faster, Patricia Grattan remembers, and feeling more pressed for images. "His work suffered." A bad review from a local critic gave Williams a jolt. He promptly put a stop to the commercial stress he had been under. Says Grattan: "He recovered." But many folk artists don't.

The majority of folk artists are low income people; they can use the money. What's more, they may not have hangups about "selling out"; why should they, when they don't see themselves as artists in the first place? Bernard Riordon is concerned: "The marketplace will eventually ruin a number of folk artists." Richard Field, who curated the *Spirit of Nova Scotia* show, draws a hard, fast line: "Once an artist becomes discovered, he is no longer producing folk art."

Even if the quality of work does not suffer, Field holds that folk art, by definition, must come from within, it cannot be reproduced by an artist catering to the market, or thinking about the next show. Chris Huntington agrees that large scale recognition is bound to change a folk artist's work. "Sometimes it's for the worse," he allows. "Sometimes it isn't."

Over the past 11 years, Huntington has been discovering Nova Scotia folk artists, including wood sculptors Donald Boudreau ("I saw a seagull he had on top of his workshop, and I stopped by"), Donald Manser, Eli Whiteway and Ralph Boutilier. Huntington recalls the day he was driving through Lower Prospect, outside Halifax, and noticed a row of paintings propped against a fishhouse fence. He stopped the car, went in and met Joe Norris. Huntington paid the artist more than he needed to, walking away with five paintings at \$20 apiece. He went on to represent Norris until 1980, when the Houston North Gallery in Lunenburg took over. Today, Norris' vivid, richly colored seascapes and harbor scenes sell from \$300 to \$1,500.

Collins Eisenhauer of Lunenburg County, N.S., is another respected name. Eisenhauer, who died in 1979, became



An early and later version of Collins Eisenhauer's *Swans*

renowned for his irreverent, often humorous carvings of people. His painted wood sculptures include likenesses of Kentucky Fried Chicken founder Colonel Sanders and a number of erotic pieces — female nudes and men and women making love. Like most folk artists, he started out selling his works for \$5 and \$10. Today, Eisenhauer sculptures command some of the highest prices in Atlantic Canadian folk art; many have sold for \$1,500 and up.

Collins Eisenhauer was born in 1898. All his life, he wanted to be an artist. Painting was his first love. As a schoolboy, he illustrated postcards for his father to sell for a nickel apiece. At 13, he dropped out of school to help support the family. He had little chance to work at his art until 1964, when he reached his mid-60s and finally found leisure time. Deciding it was too late to develop his skill as a painter, Eisenhauer turned to wood carving instead. He worked for his own enjoyment, with a need to make use of his talent. In the mid 1970s the National Museum of Man in Ottawa purchased his four-piece work, "Political Figures," larger-than-life sculptures of Pierre Trudeau, Robert Stanfield, David Lewis and Gerald Regan. Eisenhauer was pleased. He wanted people to see his art and admitted that he liked the recognition. He said it made him feel like a somebody.

Before she was discovered, Maud Lewis used to sell her work to tourists and townspeople for two and three dollars a picture. Today, a Maud Lewis will bring in \$300 and up. The brilliantly decorated door of her Marshalltown house sold a

number of years ago for \$5,000. As an investment, however, folk art is uncertain. Some pieces will increase dramatically, others will not. Richard Field says that traditional folk art (that which was produced before the end of World War Two) is generally the most solid investment.

Better yet, folk art is meant to be loved. Despite the drawbacks of "discovery," it is important that folk artists gain recognition within their own community and province. It means that the artist will create more work, and the work will not be left to rot, forgotten, in an attic or a storeroom. Nor will it be as likely to leave the region. Chris Huntington was once drawn to a duck decoy at the Sackville, N.S., flea market. He turned it over and found a name: Clayton Devine, Yarmouth. When Huntington called Devine, he was told that someone had just been out to his shed, and had loaded a truck full of decoys for Ontario.

Marjolaine Bourgeois adds that a lot of New Brunswick folk art is sold to tourists. "It's popular," she explains, "in the sense that people look to the folk art for the character of the province." Unfortunately, when some Atlantic Canadian folk art leaves the region its history, or provenance, is forgotten. This often happens when a piece winds up in New England, where traditional folk art styles are similar to our own.

There is also the question of folk art's survival. Can an art form with so strong a craft heritage — and such a dependence on individual expression — endure in a technical, mass-media society? Patricia Grattan thinks so. "There will always be that urge for individual creation," she says. Harold Pearce, head of art education at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, agrees. "You might see a whole new revival," he muses, "with people living longer, fewer jobs and early retirement. People will be looking for ways to pass the time."

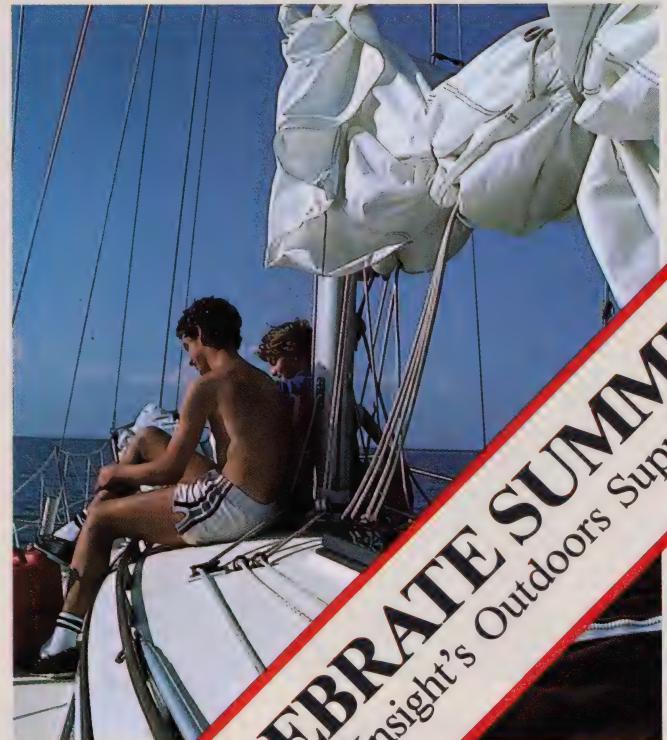
Yet the folk art they produce will continue to change. Mark Holton adds that some of tomorrow's folk artists may turn to blowtorches, and plastics, as the tools of their expression. Holton once attended a conference where the changing face of folk art was debated. Included in the discussion were the psychedelic, painted vans and handcrafted leather clothing of the 1960s.

Folk art reflects the times, and also the spirit of the person who produced it. "To me," says Richard Field, "folk art is best understood by considering it as an art and also by considering the context in which it was produced." He uses a quilt, for example. A quilt may be beautiful to look at, but it is also a great deal more. A quilt was made from scraps of a family's old clothing. It was pieced together, carefully, to keep somebody warm. "If we lose the maker, then all it becomes is a piece of decoration," says Field. "If we lose the woman who made the quilt then we begin, in a way, to lose our history." ☒

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Summer outdoors family-style

Long considered the sole domain of rich salmon fishermen, New Brunswick's rivers and lakes are wide open to the family sports of camping, canoeing, hiking and fishing. Even a youngster can land a prize catch

by Deborah Draper

It sounds like another fish story. A man, it is said, has caught a 35-pound salmon. But this is New Brunswick where some fish stories are actually true — not just with regard to salmon but a dozen other species as well.

The province, favorite haunt of such legendary fishermen as baseball great Ted Williams, has more than 50 salmon rivers. Non-residents need a guide. If they're lucky the guide might be Ralph Lee — proud owner of that 35-pound salmon, stuffed for posterity.

Lee describes himself as "a river man." He's been a guide for 39 years. His father was a guide before him. He says there's no better way to make a living, but quickly points out that if the 35-pounder were caught today it would have to be thrown back in. Government policy aimed at preserving the stocks allow only grilse — five-pound salmon that have been at sea for a year — to be kept.

For the past seven years guide Ralph Lee has been employed at a private fishing camp shared in part by cousins Walter Thompson and Anne Brimer, both of Halifax. The lodge has been in their family since the turn of the century, when it was owned by their great-grandfather.

The lodge, an old wooden cabin, is located on the Upsalquitch River close to Cambellton. Nestled in the trees up on a knoll, it overlooks this fine salmon stream. The family owns the fishing rights to part of the river — referred to as "riparian rights." In this respect New Brunswick is unique. You can't cast a line just anywhere. First, you have to find out if somebody owns the water or is leasing it — or if it's what's called "open water" — free for anybody with a licence to fish.

It takes a knack to find and land a salmon. "There's a lot of fight in a salmon, it's a really sporty fish. They run for hundreds of yards sometimes and it takes a half-hour to get them in. You need patience," says Lee. The experience of the guide really comes into play when locating the fish. A few tricks of the trade according to Lee: "Know your rivers, so that you can just look at a spot and know that's where they are. Also keep the noise down, fish in the morning and evening, and avoid shallow pools."

As for the best river to fish in New Brunswick, Lee admits that's hard to decide. "The Miramichi people say the Miramichi, and the Restigouche people think the Restigouche is the best. I think there's more big fish caught on the Restigouche but I think they get more on the Miramichi because it's longer."

Despite being a fiesty fish, the salmon is not impossible to land. Walter Thompson's seven-year-old daughter managed to land a five-pounder last summer, which is now proudly stored in their freezer — no one dares eat it.

Anne Brimer says she knows a woman from New York who owns a camp on the Upsalquitch and has been returning for the past 50 years. Brimer visited her a couple of years ago when the lady was well into her 80s. "She had caught something like 2,500 salmon in her life and that morning she had gone out and landed a beautiful 12- to 15-pounder."

When people think of fishing in New Brunswick, they often think of the many private fishing and hunting lodges. Prices here tend to exclude family gatherings, as they run in excess of \$200 per person per day on average for lodgings, hiring a guide, and buying a licence. But there are less expensive places for families.

In fact, there's a lot more than fishing to a New Brunswick family vacation — camping at one of the 150 campgrounds, canoeing, paddleboating or hiking, or a combination of all. The province's two national parks, Kouchibouquac and Fundy cater to families.

Kouchibouquac, on the Northumberland Strait, is 238 square km in size and has three main rivers, the Kouchibouquac, the St. Louis and the Black, which empty into large lagoons sheltered from the sea and provide excellent locations for the novice canoeist.

Bert Crossman, chief park interpreter says Kouchibouquac is really geared to families. "We're not a park designed for the lone backpacker, although we certainly welcome that person. We're really family-oriented. There are lots of activities for kids, the swimming is really good, surf guards are on duty, both at the beach on Northumberland Strait and in the lagoon. On a busy Sunday we can get 5,000 people on the beaches and it still isn't crowded. The park itself sees approximately 350,000 visits every summer."

Kouchibouquac (meaning river of the long tide) has four wilderness campgrounds which are free for backpackers and canoeists. A 219-site campground equipped with washrooms, showers, and kitchen shelters provides facilities for campers.

Salmon also run in the park rivers. Anyone who wants to fish there must buy a national park fishing licence which is

good for a whole year in any of Canada's national parks. A guide isn't necessary here. Salmon and trout can be fished from April to September. You can even fish American eel — it's a real delicacy. Other species include striped bass, smelts, tomcod, mackerel, and char.

Crossman says the highlight of summer is the arrival in the park of provincial Department of Fisheries staff to hold fish barbecues. "It's a popular activity — charcoal-broiled mackerel, fisherman's grilled trout and, how about foil-barbecued fish fillets dressed with slices of lime, lemon and onion? Everybody gets a taste, plus the recipe to try out on their own catches."

If fishing isn't your sport, there's plenty of room for canoeing, paddleboating and even windsurfing. There is a concession stand at Kouchibouquac where canoes, rowboats, paddleboats, windsurfers, bikes, and fishing equipment can be rented for hourly, daily, or weekly rates.

Kouchibouquac Park contains an abundance of wildlife — 233 species of birds can be found, 40 species of mammals such as black bear (no problems with the bears to date), moose, deer, coyote, fox, raccoon, river otters, beaver, muskrat, and off the tip of the barrier islands — grey seals. The park interpreters take advantage of all this wildlife. "We capture animals in the lagoon so kids can have a look. Later we release the animals unharmed," says Crossman.

The gentle terrain of the park (max-

imum 30 feet above sea level) makes it ideal for hiking and biking with a total of 60 km of trails. There are six interpretive trails and four hiking trails and they are all well-marked.

An outdoor theatre stages Indian presentations every night, and this summer there'll be trips in a war canoe.

Tourism New Brunswick is active in promoting outdoor opportunities and has broken this large province down into different recreational areas, the St. John River Valley, the Acadian Coast, the Miramichi Basin, and the Southeast Shores.

Fundy National Park, 80 km south of Moncton, is 207 square km with two easily accessible lakes and five lakes that require considerable walking to reach. The park has only one salmon river, the Upper Salmon River.

Chief of visitor services Buzz Crowston says there are two species of fish in the park — eastern brook trout and Atlantic salmon. He says, "Trout fishing on the park's small lakes is very much a family activity, but we have just the one salmon river because Point Wolfe River is closed to angling. We are reintroducing salmon there?" Crowston says there hasn't been salmon there for over 100 years because of logging activity at the mouth of the river. It will take quite a while to build up the stocks again.

New Brunswick's rivers fare better than Nova Scotia's in regard to acid rain. Crowston explains that this is due to the

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Fundy Park has 120 km of hiking trails

buffering agent found in the rocks — lime which neutralizes the rivers. However, there are some indications that lakes are becoming more acidic.

One of the biggest attractions at Fundy Park is the 120 km of hiking trails. "We are gearing ourselves up to provide the best back-country hiking experience within the Atlantic region," says Crowston. The major route is a giant loop around the park which is 90 per cent completed. The route will allow hikers to do three- to five-day backpacking expeditions taking the hiker through some spectacular country. The route goes along the coast, up onto the higher interior plateau, and down through river valleys. There are 13 primitive campsites that will increase as demand goes up. While hiking, lots of white-tail deer are easily spotted. There are also several bear in the park, but sightings are very rare.

Set in the pines high on the riverbank of the Miramichi, Ponds Chalet Resort offers affordable family accommodations and fun. Guests stay in self-contained rustic cabins and enjoy homecooked meals at the main lodge. Salmon and trout fishing are available in the resort's private spring-fed brook. Complete fishing equipment can be rented and there are facilities to pack, freeze, or cook your catch. Proprietors Anne and Keith Pond also arrange wilderness canoe trips. "We offer Miramichi River trips of two and three nights which cover 40 miles of unsettled wilderness. We pitch a tent and enjoy an evening meal over an open fire."

For the less adventurous there's safe

swimming in the river in front of the lodge and paddleboats and canoes for rent.

If you want a little more zip, white water kayaking is great wet and wild fun and no previous experience is necessary. The location is on the St. Croix River where you can learn basic paddling techniques and the eskimo roll, or take an exhilarating day-trip shooting the rapids of the Eel River.

It can be an exciting family summer. Guide Ralph Lee says there are still 38- to 40-pound salmon on the Restigouche. He's seen them. You may not be able to keep them, but half the fun of this sport is in the catching. And don't bother to fly out to B.C. to salmon fish, Lee says he's eaten them all. "East Coast and West Coast — there's no tastier fish than Atlantic salmon, and there's no better place to live... than along the river."

OUTDOOR RECIPES

Charcoal-Broiled Mackerel

1/2 cup melted butter
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 clove garlic, minced
3 mackerel (1 kg each), dressed
salt & pepper to taste
1 onion

Combine butter, lemon juice and garlic in saucepan. Clean mackerel, remove head and tail. Season inside with salt and pepper. Place onion in cavity.

Place directly on a hot, well-greased grill about four inches above hot coals. Baste frequently with butter mixture. Cook turning once for 5-7 minutes per inch thickness of fish. Serves 8.

Fisherman's Grilled Trout

6 trout (1 1/2 lb. each), dressed
1/4 cup french dressing
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
dash of pepper

Clean, wash and dry fish. Combine the remaining ingredients and brush each trout inside and out with the sauce. Place the trout on well-greased grill. Cook over hot coals for 7 minutes on each side or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Baste frequently with sauce. Serves 6.

Foil-Barbecued Fish Fillets

2 lbs. fish fillets
dash of Italian seasoning or cumin,
dash of salt and pepper, butter
12 thin slices of lime or lemon
12 thin slices of onion
paprika

Cut fillets into individual portions. Place each on a piece of aluminum foil. Sprinkle with Italian seasoning, salt and pepper. Dot with butter. Sprinkle with paprika. Seal foil tightly with a double fold. Place on grill about four inches from heat. Cook 10-15 minutes turning the packets once. Fish is done when flesh flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serves 6.

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PHOTOS BY BARRETT/MACKAY

“Surfin’ P.E.I.”

by Anne Kaptein

When Hoyle Sweitzer, a Californian, invented windsurfing in the late 1960s he could not have foreseen the enthusiasm this new sport would generate, although it wasn't until about eight years ago that the wind really got into its sails — the winds of Prince Edward Island with particular gusto. The Island is known as the “windsurfing capital of Canada” by the sport's enthusiasts. Says expert sailor and instructor Ray Sauriol of Toronto, “the Island is to board sailing what the Rockies are to skiing.”

Derek Wulff, 1983 Olympic Freestyle Surfing Champion, who lives in Toronto but spends part of every summer in P.E.I., adds: “The Island is one of the nicest places to sail in Canada; clean waters, lots of air and waves...”

P.E.I. has 1,800 kilometres of coastline with sheltered bays and harbors where gentle breezes provide ideal conditions for beginners who have never handled board and sail before, while more open areas have stronger winds and waves for the more advanced surfer. And out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, expert sailors can experience the thrill of racing through very high waves. The water is clean and warm, and launching sites abound — a depth

of a few feet of water is sufficient to step on the board and take off.

“Windsurfing is the purest form of sailing,” the brochures say. “Try it once and you'll love it for life.” The special excitement — which water skiing and sailing lack, say windsurfing devotees — has to do with the closeness to the water while hanging from the sail, the intoxicating sensation of absolute freedom, the invigorating wind in the face, the challenge for mind and body to master the elements with board and sail. It's an experience for any age. There are people from 11 to 80 doing it. Lloyd Pearce, 80, of Brantford, Ont., is living proof that age doesn't matter. An avid and competent sailor, Pearce doesn't think that learning this sport is any more difficult for seniors than it is for younger people, provided their “sense of balance is fair.” He has been windsurfing for seven years.

Nevertheless, good physical conditioning is important. There has to be a certain amount of strength and — experts agree — perseverance. Because of the steady grip on the boom (the “wishbone”) there is a powerful strain on hands and arms.

Beginners soon become intermediate sailors who scream (race) across bays and harbors, then experts moving on to

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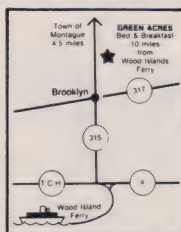


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freestyle, wave jumping, triangle and slalom races. But the main concern for beginners is to stay on the board long enough to feel the thrill of gliding across the easy waves of a sheltered bay.

Entire families can participate, and often do in P.E.I. There are short boards and sails for children. But by the time youngsters weigh about 65 pounds (around age 11 or 12), they are ready to handle a full-size board. "But the sails for children, as for all beginners, must be small," says Gerry McCarron, P.E.I. windsurfing instructor at Stanhope Beach Lodge, the Island's windsurfing centre. "Small sails are easier to handle," he explains. But the size of the sail increases with proficiency, and so does the speed.

"Windsurfing is easy to learn," says McCarron. "It takes only a few hours of instruction to learn the basics." He finds that women have better coordination and learn faster. They also pay better attention to instruction. But later on, the men will become more daring. Alpine skiers and those who have been riding the crest of waves on a plain surfboard, learn fastest. He feels there is no advantage having sailboat experience. The rules for windsurfing are quite different from handling a sailboat. Inevitably there are spills — and the occasional windsurfer gets blown out dangerously far from shore. Experts emphasize safety and suggest following a few important rules. "Never attack big waves until you are ready for them," warns a local expert, Dr. David Stewart of Charlottetown. "Big waves are dangerous for beginners. And always know your wind direction." Off-shore winds can blow even an experienced surfer out to sea. But on the whole, windsurfing is a relatively safe sport.

It's also a manageable sport in terms of equipment, which is easy to transport on a cartop carrier. The total weight is about 65 pounds. Some airlines will accept equipment as excess baggage. The sailboard is assembled and taken apart in minutes, is easily stored at home, and requires little upkeep. Cost is low — especially compared to sailing. Prices range from \$700 to \$2,000. A harness is another \$40 to \$110. A bathing suit is fine to start, but a wetsuit is more comfortable in colder weather and stronger winds.



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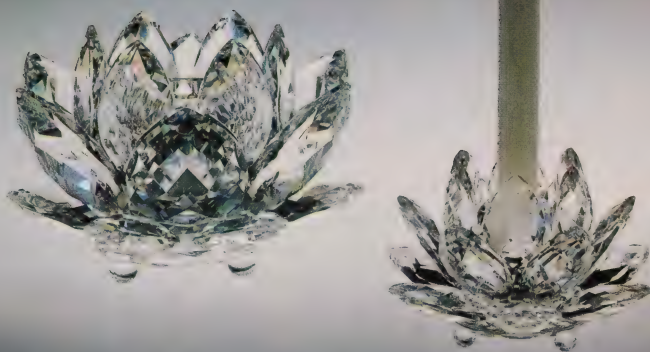
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Although wearing a life jacket is not yet required by law, it is strongly recommended. And it goes without saying, a potential windsurfer should be able to swim.

A harness isn't really necessary for the beginner, but is a good investment for later on when hands and arms ache after hours of sailing while holding on to the wishbone. Some harnesses are a combination of life jacket and harness, but the price is high — \$80 to \$110, but a simple harness, which is nothing more than a wide belt with a metal hook in front to connect with the ropes attached to the wishbone, is about \$40.

The sky is the limit for choice and price of boards and sails, but they can also be rented. Stanhope Beach Lodge is the main P.E.I. site for equipment, lessons, clinics and races.

Cousin Smoothy's board shorts



ALEX MURCHISON

by Anne Tempelman-Kluit

It isn't easy being as successful as Geoffrey McLean. The youthful president of Kahala North Products in Halifax is juggling a booming business and final exams for his political science degree at Acadia University. He admits that sometimes it's difficult to separate invoices from examinations.

Big business wasn't exactly what McLean, 22, had in mind when, about 18 months ago, he asked a friend to sew him a pair of traditional surfing shorts — knee length, slightly baggy for maximum movement, and comfortable rather than fashionable.

McLean's surfing, skateboarding and windsurfing friends loved his shorts, a style difficult to find in eastern Canadian stores, and he persuaded his sewing friend to adapt the pattern and make the shorts reversible with pockets. "They were traditional in everything except the colors," says McLean. "The shorts have a dual personality," he adds, "one side is crazy and one side is normal." Colors and pattern combinations range from subtle pastel florals to vibrant geometrics and stripes, plaids and contemporary designs. Pockets are large and waists have both drawstring and elastic.

Friends suggested McLean take his shorts to the 1985 Halifax Boat Show. "I went with six pairs of shorts and there were others with hundreds of pairs," says McLean. He doesn't know how the other people did, but he took orders for 400 pairs. "Then it was a scramble," he recalls. "Suddenly I'd gone from sewing up six pairs in my residence room to getting into big numbers. I talked to four seamstresses in town and only one would accept the contract. She now has 11 people sewing for her and my shorts are the bulk of the business."

Borrowing \$5,000 from the bank, McLean bought fabric in Toronto and, under the name of Cousin Smoothy, he was in business. "At this point I knew nothing. I had no idea about taxes and invoicing and costs. I was winging it. I only had a rough estimate of prices. I'm glad it worked," he adds with feeling. "All my family helps. Sometimes I'm writing exams and they're filling orders."

By the end of 1985, McLean had sold 1,000 pairs of shorts (Surftex Atlantic is the main Halifax-Dartmouth distributor) and had registered his company as Kahala North, the manufacturing arm of Cousin Smoothy's, whose tags adorn shorts. Kahala is called after a famous surfing beach in Hawaii, but "Cousin Smoothy" is a name, says McLean, "that I just thought of one day during an international relations class. I wanted to create a character."

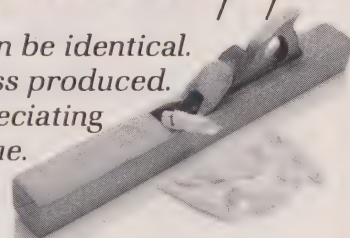
In February the provincial Department of Development sent McLean to the Toronto Gift Show. From over a thousand exhibitors, Kahala North took third place in the best new product category and orders poured in.

The shorts are now in stores from New Brunswick to Winnipeg and a conservative estimate of sales this year will be 7,000 to 10,000 pairs. McLean plans to go into business full-time after he graduates in May. "I think I'll make as much as my friends who are going to IBM. It's more hair-raising being self-employed, but it's also more fun," muses McLean.

He has expanded into yachting shorts, which are not reversible but have large pockets, "big enough for a beer." And they have padded rears. Clamdiggers, below the knee-length shorts, are his latest offering. "They're in California now but it'll take time for the fashion to get to Nova Scotia," says McLean. "This started out like selling hot dogs on the street corner and it's hard to realize I'm now a Canadian sportswear manufacturer."

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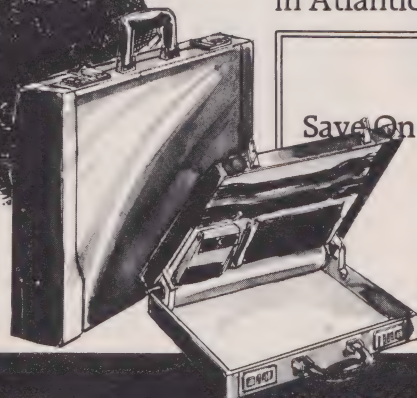
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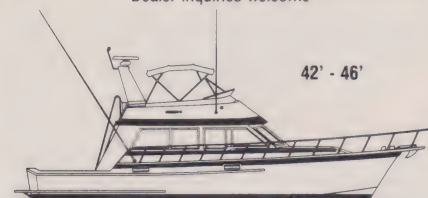
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SUMMER *Outdoors*



Junior sailing

The serious fun of learning to sail leads, for some, to an Olympic team berth, but it teaches every youngster skills to last a lifetime

by Andrea Shaw

Brian Awad, 16, sits strapped into a device that would please a Spanish inquisitioner, strengthening his stomach and leg muscles. Morag McLean, 21, rushes from her job to Nautilus machines to a jazz dance class, working on upper body strength, agility and the physical fitness needed for a mid-winter regatta in Louisiana. Phil Gow, 24, in Australia, eats, sleeps, works out and grinds the exhaustingly huge winches that control the sails of *True North*, Nova Scotia's 12-metre yacht that may still challenge for the America's Cup.

All three are from Halifax and can think of nothing that's more fun than racing sailboats. They train so hard because they take their fun seriously. The source of their passion is shared with thousands of Atlantic Canadian youngsters, many of whom build on their enjoyment of recreational sailing to become internationally successful in the sport.

The story of the early days of these young sailors repeats itself each season at yacht clubs throughout the region. It's a blistering hot summer afternoon and a frisbee flips through the still air from boat to boat. Young kids taking sailing during

summer vacation swelter in their life jackets. They're in 12- to 14-foot fibre glass craft — Lasers, Flying Juniors, Code 40s — and other varieties of hulls and sails.

Suddenly, three air-horn blasts trumpet the boats back to life. The breeze is coming up. It's time for a race.

The two- and three-man crews drum up feverish intensity in preparation. The last cup of water is sponged out to reduce weight, sails are re-tensioned and wet weather gear is donned. Last minute coaching comes from an instructor wielding a bull horn.

At the end of the yacht club dock, the red starting shape goes up and the real fun begins. "If you're a competitive person," says Halifax resident Cathy Shaw, a former junior sailor who went on to international singlehanded competition, "you jump at any chance to race. You race out to the starting line and back from the finish, anywhere at all, because you love it."

Sailboat racing demands a high degree of spunk of its enthusiasts (even young ones). It's a body and mind taxing undertaking at which many sailing school

graduates from the Atlantic Provinces excel. "Novies, Newfies and Newbies" (as they laughingly refer to themselves) are among the top contenders for Olympic team berths, sail on Grand Prix ocean racing yachts and until recently were winning for all they were worth on Nova Scotia's financially troubled America's Cup contender.

For John Roy, Halifax yacht broker, tradition is the key to the strong interest in serious competition. "Each generation cares about the next, passing on the desires and the things you need to know to do well," says Roy.

The system that brings forth many of Canada's sailing powerhouses is acknowledged (and currently is being copied in the U.S.) to be the best nationally standardized learn-to-sail program in the world. The Canadian Yachting Association has been overseeing the awarding of junior sailing levels for some 20 years. It has certified instructors since the early '70s and organizes national youth regattas which many junior sailors use as a springboard to international competition. "Learn-to-sail programs put kids out in the fresh air for the summer and give them a chance to build their self-confidence doing something they enjoy," says Agnes McLean, executive director of the Nova Scotia Sailing Association.



At the junior level, the CYA recognizes skill development under four main badge groups — white sail (which begins with how to put on a life jacket) through bronze, silver and gold sails (for very determined competitors only!). Each badge requires proficiency in a variety of areas that cover elements of boat handling, life saving, seamanship, rules and theory. A skill properly learned is its own milestone. The sense of accomplishment that comes from a young skipper's first landing at dock on a windy day that doesn't end with a fibreglass threatening "crunch" cannot be underestimated for either student or instructor.

A course generally runs five days a week for a month at a local yacht or boat club. It costs about \$200 per child. Some clubs own a small fleet of boats for the

junior program which is augmented by privately-owned boats, but it's not essential for youngsters to have their own. Kids between the ages of ten and 17 take lessons which are scheduled similar to a school day.

A typical class is broken down into a physical fitness session, theory class, boat maintenance and repairs, on the water skill practice (zigzagging between a slalom course of buoys is an example) and a series of short races, to be followed by a wrap-up session on topics like "why we don't cross in front of a passing oil tanker, even when we are in the lead." (These kids are nothing if not keen.) Students can be excused for arriving home too tired for TV after six plus hours of this, capped off with hauling waterlogged boats ashore and the task of folding seemingly endless supplies of mainsails.

A good instructor needs to "energize" his or her charges throughout this program. It's not nearly enough to be a competent sailor, Agnes McLean explains. "A junior instructor must have a St. John's Ambulance first aid certificate, a bronze medallion from the Royal Life Saving Society, a minimum of bronze sail in sailing skills, be taking a Coaching Association of Canada course on sports physiology and psychology, attend a week-long certificate seminar *and* have a great attitude!"

Andreas Josenhans, a former Olympic sailor from Nova Scotia who has coached many a keen young racer, recalls the thrill of being responsible for the safety and potential of a group of juniors. He set out to communicate his enthusiasm for the sport by "exposing them to the discipline involved and to how exciting it can be to have a handle on the skills." Josenhans felt he had succeeded if he "gave each kid the knowledge that they had something special that would allow them to excel over others."

It's not everyone's idea of a relaxing summer vacation and some children shy away from the challenge of trying to control a small tippy sailboat. Most, however, are won over by the camaraderie and the fresh air, even if they're not possessed of a burning desire for regatta trophies. At many yacht clubs racing is a natural part of the social scene and emphasis is placed on keeping the activity fun. Informal associations of like-minded young people also provide the means for non-members of yacht clubs to progress beyond the junior club level, more often than not involving begging, borrowing or scrounging of gear to beat the forbidding costs of the sport. For many, this is a way of life, much more than a leisure activity.

"At junior sailing I met the people who will encourage your hard work and keen attitude by helping you, even when they are wet and tired after a race," says Brian Awad. "They show you how much you have to learn, but they give you footsteps to follow." With that, he excuses himself to go do another set of pushups. After all, regatta season is just around the corner.

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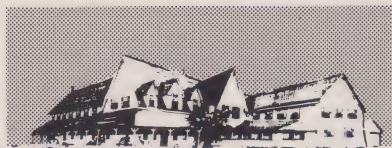
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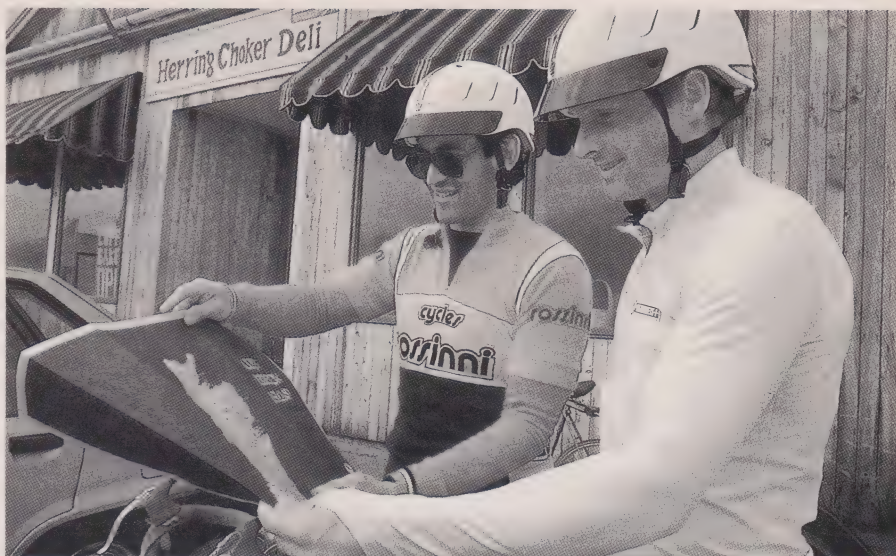
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SUMMER *Outdoors*



Rodriguez (left) and Atkin provide supplies, equipment and advice

The Cabot Trail by bicycle

by Margaret Macpherson

Bicycling is a sport divided. For some it's a nose-to-the-handlebars race against the clock — a training that culminates in organized competitions. For others it's an opportunity to mount iron steeds and go exploring.

While Nova Scotians are involved in both facets of bicycling and have highly organized competitive racing, the countryside itself opens its arms and embraces the cyclist/explorer. The province has long been known as a mecca for tour-minded cyclists. A combination of spectacular scenery, Maritime hospitality and well-maintained highways lures two-wheeled wayfarers from as far away as Australia.

But what draws thousands of cyclists to the area is the Cabot Trail, recently hailed by a popular U.S. bicycling magazine as one of 20 top spots to cycle in North America — a rugged, visually breathtaking tour around mountainous Cape Breton. For all cyclists, from Nova Scotia to New Zealand, the Cabot Trail represents a strenuous challenge that taxes their strength, tests their endurance and, at the same time, induces a sense of wonder at such unspoiled beauty.

Gary Conrod, 28, of Halifax is an avid cyclist who prefers touring to racing. He's travelled 25,000 miles in Nova Scotia alone and knows every turn in the road, every uphill stint and downhill switchback on the Cabot Trail. "I've biked the Trail six or seven times now. I've done it a couple of times by myself, but mostly with a touring group — it's more fun that way."

Conrod is the president of the largest

touring club in Atlantic Canada, Velo Halifax Bicycle Club. Late in the cycling season, which runs from May through September, the hardier and fitter members of the club annually tackle the Cabot Trail in a cycle-camping entourage.

What looks like a long lazy loop on a map of Cape Breton is actually a 300 km roadway that snakes around the coast and over four mountain peaks, each just shy of 2,000 feet. "The uphill are very heavy going," remarks Dr. Bill Silvert, who challenged the Trail three years ago with the Velo Club. "The downhill," he says, "are very, very, hairy."

An experienced cyclist can traverse the Cabot Trail alone in three 100 km sections, Silvert suggests, but the magnitude of the trip and the isolation factor warrant, for the average cyclist, a cycling partner if not a group tour. "It's a forbidding landscape that is extremely beautiful but physically demanding," cautions Silvert. "I cycled the Cabot Trail on a Thanksgiving weekend that was cold and wet. If you know how to dress — how to handle the weather — it's no problem. But for those who aren't familiar with the outdoors, hypothermia is something to guard against."

Even in mid-summer the Cape Breton Highlands offer no guarantees. Rain gear is a must on the Cabot Trail tour and woollen undergarments are recommended for warding off the chill of high altitudes. The bicycle trip, a minimum of three days, calls for advance planning.

Daniel Atkin and his brother-in-law,

OWEN FITZGERALD

Albert Rodriguez, own a natural food store in Baddeck, the Indian Bay Milling Company, a popular starting point for those pitting themselves against the Trail. A huge map of Cape Breton tacked on the wall of their store, an odd assortment of spare bicycle parts and an array of standard cyclists' fare — dried soups, high energy fruit and nut mixes and homemade granola — are available to cyclists before their departure. Advice, consultation and encouragement are also freely dispensed by the two men.

"We're both very enthusiastic about cycling," says Atkin. "Neither of us gets out as much as we would like — the store keeps us busy — but," he adds with a grin, "by helping cyclists we hope to absorb the excitement of biking through osmosis." Atkin and Rodriguez have taken it upon themselves to promote cycling on the Cabot Trail. People who drive as far as Baddeck are allowed to leave their cars in the store's parking lot while they ride the loop. Why? "This spot, Cape Breton, is very under-promoted," explains Atkin, "Why, just look around you. What a fantastic spot to cycle?"

At the height of the bicycling season an average of nine people a day leave Baddeck and head into the mountains of Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Although a handful of cyclists take advantage of motel accommodation in the small coastal communities along the Cabot Trail, almost 90 per cent have the backs of their bicycles loaded down with lightweight camping equipment.

Outfitters from the United States make the Cabot Trail part of a "summer camp" experience for youngsters. Tuition includes a bicycle, a flight into Sydney, and a ten-day cycle-camping tour of the Canadian wilderness.

And Cape Breton offers wilderness at its best. Towering national forests, beach campgrounds and craggy coastlines are only occasionally dotted with small towns and villages. There are no bicycle shops on the Cabot Trail and it's advisable to carry the necessary tools for minor breakdowns and a patch kit for tire troubles.

Despite towns being few and far between, motorists on the Cabot Trail are noted for courteous driving and concern for cyclists. North Mountain, the steepest incline on the Trail, climbs 1,457 feet in just a few miles. Drivers have been known to stop beside perspiring cyclists inching upwards and offer lifts; undoubtedly a temptation on a gruelling climb to the top.

In the case of emergency breakdown, injury or sheer exhaustion, cyclists who have ridden the Cabot Trail find none so friendly or accommodating as Cape Bretoners.

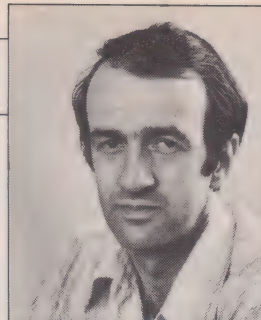
"Sometimes people on a tour just can't finish the last day," says Silvert. "You can always flag down a pick-up truck and get a lift. People seem only too happy to help. They will even go out of their way to lend a hand."

The Cabot Trail offers all a serious cyclist could ask. It's a world-class touring course that, when completed, can instil in a rider a tremendous sense of achievement. ●



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The pursuit of "clout"

Influence — "clout" if you will: what is it? We got into a wrangle over it with our March cover story, *Losing clout: Atlantic Canada's cabinet ministers in Ottawa*. Some thought the story was right on — Robert Coates' resignation, Elmer MacKay's demotion and John Crosbie's various patches of trouble being proof enough of a loss of political influence in government by East Coast ministers. Some didn't like it — notably the ministers. John Crosbie and Supply and Services Minister Stewart McInnes sent in sharp rebuttals (see *Feedback*, this issue).

The pursuit of regional influence in Ottawa is one of the fundamentals of Confederation. The perceived lack of it leads regularly to hostility and separatism in various parts of the country. In Atlantic Canada a perceived lack of influence is at the root of our traditional insecurity. The question that's always lurking, but which no one asks openly, is this: since we're poor, small and divided, what would we do if the federal government, on some whim, decided to forget about us completely? And the implied answer: we'd shrivel and die.

This attitude leaves something to be desired. It begs the question of what "clout" is and what forms of it we should be seeking. Not everyone is of the same mind on this. Not even everyone in the same cabinet. The letters from Crosbie and McInnes indicate radically different approaches.

Susan Murray's story quoted Liberals recalling the "glory days" of Allan MacEachen, Romeo LeBlanc and Don Jamieson — powerful cabinet ministers who diverted a lot of federal money to the region, especially to their own high-unemployment ridings. The Liberals' charge was that the present Conservative cabinet deputation is a powerless, flea-bitten affair compared to those three.

John Crosbie has responded with a rather impressive list of funds spent and programs established in Atlantic Canada since the Conservatives came to power. He seems to be saying that he can hold a candle up to Allan MacEachen any day.

Maybe he can. But is that what we want? Stewart McInnes gives us an emphatic "no": no more masking our problems with "goodies," no more government by handout, no more cabinet ministers falling over one another to hand out cheques for six weeks of make-work. Instead: a rekindling of self-reliance and self-respect.

The differences between Crosbie and

McInnes may be more apparent than real. But if not, McInnes is clearly the one with the wind in his sails. Handouts are out. "Self-reliance" is in. What does this mean?

Let's backtrack to the handout era. Allan MacEachen's name seems to pop up frequently in that regard. But MacEachen and his cohorts didn't invent the giveaway. They had influence and, simply, were under enormous pressure to use it on behalf of the folks back home, which they did. It was an expansionist period. And although politicians knew the bill would come due sooner or later, any cutback — or refusal to expand an existing program — generally ran into a political storm. In fact it's peculiar to have that era — roughly the Trudeau years,

The true meaning of "clout" is likely to become known when specific programs start biting the dust, or get cut back sharply

1968-84 — looked on now as one of gross waste and overspending. At the time most voices from these parts — especially Conservative ones, whether provincial politicians or MPs — complained constantly about how Ottawa was doing us dirt, ignoring us, scheming to deprive us of our "birthright" to transportation subsidies, and more.

Now it's conceded that money was indeed spent — lots of it — but that it didn't work. According to McInnes it was spent chasing votes and that practice will now end. Conservatives, apparently, don't do that kind of thing.

We're through, it seems, with crypto-socialist government meddling that leads nowhere. Now we're into individual initiative — self-reliance. Through the Atlantic Enterprise program, the Cape Breton tax credit and other measures, incentives are offered to lure companies this way or get existing ones to expand. These will be direct stimulants free of cumbersome bureaucracy.

Such is the new creed. It comes at a time when the notion of creating local enterprises is getting stronger anyway,

and when some slight breakup of the psychology of dependency on federal subsidies is happening naturally. One can only hope that these forces will strengthen and eat into the highest unemployment rates in the country which the old system of direct grants to industry and other subsidies failed to do.

But there's another side to this new approach that's still in the dark. The incentives are meant to replace programs that are yet to be cut. The monumental Nielsen task force on government spending has identified tons of instances of what it considers to be wasteful spending that, in the spirit of self-reliance, are targets for the axe. This includes such sacred cows as transport subsidies.

The true meaning of "clout" is likely to become known when specific programs start biting the dust, or get cut back sharply. Self-reliance can't substitute for everything. Finance Minister Michael Wilson has stated that the regional impact of certain cutbacks will be taken into account — something the Nielsen task force did not do. Still, the name of the game is to cut the federal deficit, and even with some sensitivity by the federal government, it remains that Atlantic Canada is a sitting duck, having become used to a far higher proportion of federal spending per person than other parts of the country.

A decade ago the various regions of the country would react like scorched polecats when they suspected that another part of the country, possibly as a result of devious influence, was getting more than they were from the national government. Quebec thought English Canada was getting it all, and vice versa; the west accused the east and vice versa; Newfoundland suspected Nova Scotia, etc. etc. Now it's going to be different: instead of complaining that the other guy gets more we're going to complain that we're getting cut more than the other guy. We'll need "clout" in order to see to it that we get cut as little as possible.

"There is no such thing as good influence," Oscar Wilde once said. Political influence is at best an unfortunate necessity. Our need for it as a region is an expression of mistrust in the federal system, a buttress against being done in by other regions. Do John Crosbie and the others have enough clout to keep that from happening? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Rather than worrying about it, I'd rather make a small act of faith towards the country and say that even if they don't, maybe we won't be "done in" after all. ☒

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"I'll start my own damn school"

She did — the Halifax Business Academy — and by so doing Marie Watters showed how a woman can triumph in business against enormous odds

by Anne Tempelman-Kluit
Marie Watters owns a successful business worth more than \$500,000, has a small real estate empire and a long-time, long-distance relationship with a wealthy west coast businessman.

Thirteen years ago she was a newly-divorced mother of three small children working as a secretary and living in a three-room apartment. "If I can do it, anyone can," declares the chic, attractive Watters, who points out that when she started out, at 47, she was at an age where most people are settling down.

She was teaching business training in a Halifax-area high school when she lost her temper and quit after her principal criticized her teaching methods "again." Watters was the only teacher who had ever worked in an office. "The typing teacher couldn't type, the accountant had never kept business books, the text was 25 years out of date, it was ridiculous," she says.

Walking out of the school, she recalls muttering to herself, "I'll start my own damn school."

With this *idée fixe*, but no money, she worked at temporary secretarial jobs for two years, in 20 different offices, often interviewing employers about their staff problems. "I soon realized that what was needed was not just to teach skills. Attitude is so important."

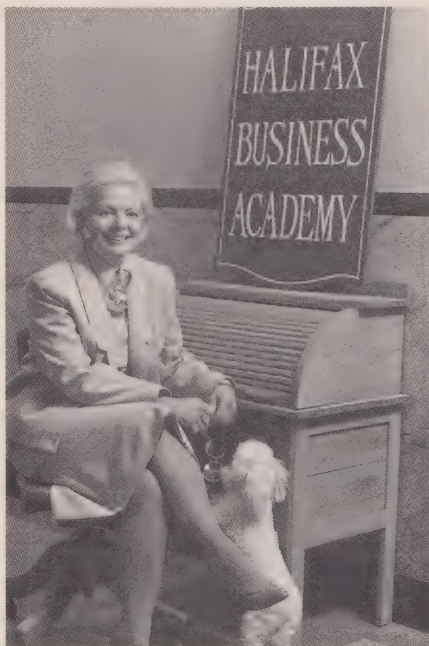
In her spare time Watters renovated her run-down house with a \$5,000 down payment borrowed from her mother. "I scraped the hardwood floors with a piece of glass and sanded them by hand," she recalls. She borrowed another \$5,000 from the bank and built a basement apartment — its rent paid her mortgage. "My salary kept the family." Two years later she sold the house with enough profit for a down payment on a slightly larger "shabby" house and decided the time had come to open her school: the Halifax Business Academy.

Her lawyer and her accountant advised against it. "The lawyer told me I was insane, that I was taking an awful risk. I knew that," says Watters with a smile. Undaunted, she used her house as collateral for a \$25,000 loan and, through a friend, learned of and bought the Flying Angels Mission building on Barrington Street. "It looked as if it had been built for me. The main rooms were large enough for my 25 desks." Watters also had a contingency plan. "If I didn't get any students on my first day I was going to put tablecloths over the typing tables and become a restaurant." Another friend extolled the virtues of TV advertising and Watters took the expensive plunge. She did her own commercial for the Academy — she still does. Hoping for 25 students, 39 turned up for the nine-month course at \$1,000 tuition (it's now up to \$2,350). Watters hired another teacher. Halifax would have to wait for its next restaurant.

As anticipated, more than shorthand, typing and bookkeeping were needed. "Some students go catatonic when they have to take a test, we have to find ways to help them relax." As well students' real-life problems — living with drinking parents, unwanted pregnancies, myths and taboos about sex, health problems, coping with death and divorce — all became part of the course that first year. "We built confidence and a support



IN THE WORLD OF RUMS, THIS ONE STANDS



MICHAEL CREAGEN

Watters took a risk, and won

system," says Watters. "A good feeling flows through this school. Students, men and women, help each other. We don't encourage competition, we promote co-operation." In June 1976, the first graduates of the Halifax Business Academy were snapped up by grateful employers. Then, as now, 95 per cent of her graduates find jobs immediately. "The other five per cent don't deserve

jobs," says Watters severely. "They don't work."

Seven years later the Mission building was bulging at the seams and Watters expanded, leasing the grey stone building on the corner of Queen Street and Spring Garden Road.

The school has 160 full-time and 300 part-time students now. Men came in the third year and the ratio is approximately one-third men to two-thirds women. The curriculum includes computer studies, written and spoken self-expression, nutrition and stress management. As well, Watter's holistic approach takes in visits to art galleries, live theatre, restaurants and political events.

The Academy is developing courses on the hospitality industry. "Toursim is the province's second largest industry," Watters points out, "and 65 per cent of the people serving the public have no training at all. It's important to make people feel comfortable and happy, and it's all based on the same things I taught my children. Saying 'please and thank you and may I help you'."

Watters has always emphasized the "dress for success" approach to getting a job and in March she opened a colors studio, "First Impressions — Image Consultants," in the Academy, for both sexes of students and the public.

Watters explains that employers would tell her they wanted to hire a certain student for his or her business skills but could she please tell them nicely that

their hair was a mess, or they dressed badly. Consultant Marty Laffin, an Academy graduate, spends one and half hours per client choosing complementary colors for clothes and cosmetics. As a wardrobe consultant, she also advises people on how to dress to fit the image for specific jobs.

"I believe that 50 per cent of doing well is feeling well, and if you look good, you feel good," says Watters, who at 59 is First Impressions' best advertisement. Adds a personnel company consultant, "some employers may be paying a pittance, but they'll nearly always say 'send me someone with class'."

Watters says the Nova Scotia business community helps and supports her. "But some men in my own age group will ask me, how is your typing school coming along," she says with a rueful smile.

When her "typing school" was coming along well, Watters realized that further financial independence lay in real estate. "That very first house gave me the opportunity to open my school. I saw how powerful it was to be in charge. You can always borrow against real estate," she says. She now owns, with the bank, ten properties in Nova Scotia and Ontario and met the man in her life through a real estate seminar. "Other than a couple of thousand dollars in case you need a new fridge, you don't need money in the bank. I have insurance in case I get sick, but if I need money, I'd sell a property or borrow against it. Savings are a waste of money," says Watters. "Once you have



S ALONE. MYERS'S PLANTERS' PUNCH RUM.


the down payment for the first property, the rest is easy."

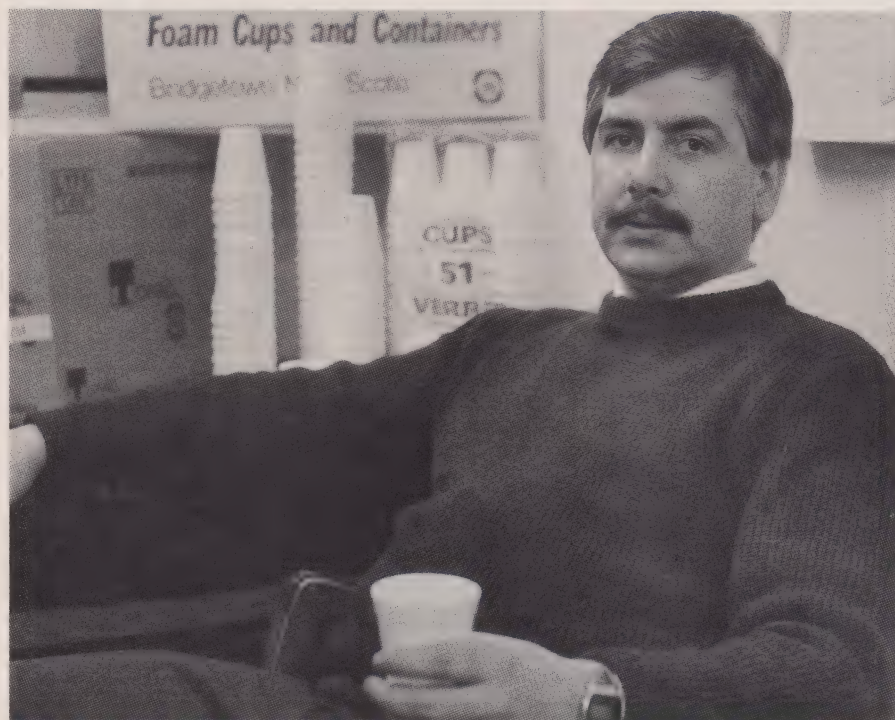
But, Watters warns, it hasn't *all* been easy. "The bank threatened me with foreclosure almost monthly for three years," she recalls. Like many other business women, the problems she's encountered made her more determined. "Lots of negative things push you forward," comments Lois Stevenson, a professor of business at Acadia University who formed the Business Women's Association last June. Members meet monthly at Watter's Academy to discuss problems, share information and offer support. "Men have a better support

system than women," comments Stevenson. "Many women entrepreneurs felt they were the only ones out there." In fact, women are almost twice as successful as men in running small businesses in Canada. Statistics show that 47 per cent of women are still operating after three years — only 25 per cent of men are. In the Maritimes successful women run sawmills, manufacture concrete forms, own motels, restaurants and delicatessens, as well as clothing stores, knitwear studios, fish farms, insurance agencies and printing shops. The Business Women's Association seminars cover everything from marketing strategies to in-

formation on small business financing. They also provide the opportunity to discuss problems. "We try to educate, encourage and promote women," says Stevenson.

Marie Watters started out with the view that "no matter how bad it is, there's always something good on the other side." It turned out to be spectacularly true in her case.

Watters says she "wanted to change the world for women" when she opened her school. Now, she says, "I just want to change the world." With a little help from her friends, she'll probably do it. 



BELLE HATFIELD

Andy Cochrane says manufacturing here for the home market gives his company an edge

while Chamard and a Bridgetown investment group split the rest.

Torvaig got its market share fast, but not easily. It had first to meet Canada's two major polystyrene foam container manufacturers, Fibracan and Canada Cup, head to head in a vicious price war that forced the price of 1,000 cups down to \$10 from \$17 in two years. But ironically it's in part this price war that Chamard credits with ensuring the company's survival. "What our customers know is that if the big boys kick us out of the market, the prices are going to go skyrocketing again," he says.

The price war has brought Torvaig a greater percentage of the market than anticipated but a lower selling price. After two years Chamard says the competition is finally accepting the company's place in the market. The worst is over but the fight hasn't been an easy one for the fledgling company. None of the major distributors would handle Torvaig's limited product line two years ago. It meant hustling the product door-to-door.

General manager Andy Cochrane says "we've nickle and dimed it in every mom and pop pizzeria in the region. We scratched and dug for every percentage point of the market we got." A contract to supply hospitals operating under a group purchasing agreement helped to establish the company and it has built on that contract. In Nova Scotia, Sobeys supermarkets sell Torvaig cups exclusively and Co-op Atlantic also carries the product. With about two dozen wholesalers now handling their product, Cochrane (the firm's salesman) is looking forward to spending less time on the road.

With two years of operation under its belt the company is over the hump, Cochrane says, and feels manufacturing the product in the market where it's sold is giving it an edge. This is a reverse of the old argument that transportation costs work to the disadvantage of the region. It's not true if you're manufacturing here for the home market. This is especially so with a product like styrofoam cups.

Made from expandable polystyrene the cups are almost all air. Regardless of whether it's cups or something else, the

Winning the foam cup war

Torvaig Inc. of Centrelea, N.S., survived a price war with the country's major styrofoam cup makers. In the process it proved a few things about doing business in Atlantic Canada

by Belle Hatfield
The name — Torvaig Inc. — was chosen by landing a random finger on a spinning globe. An island off the British coast has that name. Everything else about Atlantic Canada's only foam cup manufacturer was closely calculated, including its success.

Nestled in the back of the Britex Ltd. elastics plant in Centrelea near Bridgetown, N.S., the company churns out disposable beverage cups for industrial, commercial and retail use. It chose Britex as its home because the company could

produce enough excess steam to meet Torvaig's needs.

In the two years since it began production, the company has captured a respectable portion of the \$3.5 million Atlantic Canadian market for such cups. President John Chamard says the company is "comfortably close" to its goal of 30 per cent of the market. Chamard, a business professor at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, started as a consultant for a Quebec client who wanted to set up a plant and ended up fully involved. The Quebec investors hold a controlling 40 per cent

process is the same and it's relatively simple. Polystyrene beads are first exposed to a popcorn-like popping process that makes them expand to many times their original size. The popped beads are fed into production moulds and during an injection process are subjected to intense heat under pressure. The steam fuses the particles into a waterproof form. Cups, egg cartons, coolers, meat trays: there are many uses for the versatile petroleum byproduct.

Although polystyrene products have many advantages — among them the ability to hold temperatures, and liquids — the real advantage for Torvaig has to do with the weight of the finished product. It's much cheaper for Torvaig to have the raw material shipped in from Montreal than it is for its Central Canadian competitors to ship the finished product to Atlantic Canadian markets. From a 1,000-pound crate of polystyrene beads Torvaig produces 250,000 cups, saving the cost of all those transportation trucks needed to deliver that many cups.

Because Torvaig is close to its markets, Cochrane says the company can meet local demands more effectively by selling smaller amounts. "We're closer, we're faster, we're efficient and it doesn't hurt that we're employing Atlantic Canadians."

The plant is small by any standards. Three shifts running seven days a week employ 12 people. It's not a large plant but one with the potential to grow. Cochrane is beginning to search for new product lines. "We've used coffee cups to pay the bills. That's been done, now we're looking for new markets." The company wants to develop products that aren't now being made. "We don't want to invade areas of the marketplace that are already being filled."

One area being explored is the fishery. Overseas sales of fish have increased demand for watertight shipping containers. Cochrane hopes to produce a foam liner for lobster crates, something he says can be done for half the cost of the waxed-cardboard liners now in use.

The technology employed in Torvaig's production line and its smaller size facilitates product line changes. "We can change on a dime and give you nine cents change," Cochrane boasts. It takes about an hour to strip and retool the assembly line. It's an efficient setup, and that efficiency extends to selling hot water made as a byproduct of the mould cooling process to the company's landlord.

Ten years ago the idea of a regional industry producing consumer products for Atlantic Canadians in Atlantic Canada was often greeted with skepticism, but Torvaig and other industries are proving it can be done. In 1980 a study by Atlantic Canada Plus and the Department of Regional Economic Expansion estimated that the regional economy could grow by as much as \$200 million if local businesses could be persuaded to buy as many local goods as possible. John Chamard and Torvaig are banking on Atlantic Canadians' willingness to drink to that.

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OCEANS

Chemicals in the sea: from the Arctic to Muggah's Creek

There are "hotspots" of ocean pollution here and there — but these can usually be cleaned up. More ominous is pollution in trace amounts that affects the seven seas

by David Holt

In *Silent Spring*, her chronicle of the global abuse of chemical pesticides, Rachel Carson warned that "a grim spectre has crept among us almost unnoticed." One of her most chilling examples; the calamitous effect of DDT on salmon in the Miramichi River.

Later, researchers discovered that a quarter of the DDT sprayed on New Brunswick forests ended up in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The "grim spectre" had fallen over the sea as well.

Today contaminants are found in fish and other marine creatures from all the world's oceans. While the highest concentrations cluster near coastal industries, background levels of contamination have been measured in marine fauna from the Arctic to Antarctic.

It's the same story in the waters along the East Coast. "There isn't a hiding place on this planet," declares Jack Uthe of the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) contaminants research unit in Halifax. "More than half the PCBs off our coast come from elsewhere. And while DDT was banned in Canada in 1968, its use worldwide is as great as ever."

Many of the substances remain in the ecosystem for decades without breaking down. Some are passed up the food chain, accumulating in fish and fish eaters. Even in doses measured in only parts per million, contaminants can kill or stop reproduction in fish, or act as carcinogens to people who enjoy sitting down to a fish dinner.

The extent of the contamination in the waters around the Atlantic Provinces simply isn't known. Most studies are restricted to species of commercial importance. And sometimes, according to Uthe, "it's hard to get funding for a problem that may not originate here."

Two of the dirtiest — and most studied — "hot spots" in the region have been the harbors of Belledune, N.B., and Sydney, N.S. At Belledune scientists had little trouble in tracing cadmium in harbor lobsters to a nearby smelter. Nor was it hard to establish that the PAH (polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons, byproducts of coal (burning) in lobsters from Sydney Harbour came from a waste disposal site long used by the local steel plant.

Less clear, however, is the origin of contaminants found in more remote areas: DDT and PCBs in seals from Sable Island; PCC

(poly-chlorinated camphene) pesticides in cod from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in herring from the waters off Halifax; phthalate, a plasticizer, in Atlantic herring and mackerel.

While the list of known contaminants in the ocean grows steadily, understanding their impact on nature is a much slower process.

Sometimes the impact appears to be minimal. The seals off Sable Island are thriving, and riling fishermen by their sheer numbers. "Even the lobsters of Belledune Harbour, at the height of their contamination, were as productive as ever," Uthe recalls.

Especially hard to pin down are the effects of contaminants on fish. Many species migrate over long distances, and their numbers are affected by many factors. Lab experiments, however, can give some clues.

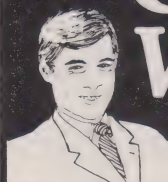
In one experiment, Uthe's group fed small doses of PCBs to cod. "At levels of only ten parts per million in the liver, the fish produced no sperm, showed liver degeneration and suffered gill damage," Uthe says. "This is only twice the average level found in cod around the Atlantic Provinces. But fish stocks rise and fall for many reasons, and it is difficult to show statistically any direct effect of PCBs on ocean fish."

From a scientist's point of view "hot spots," because of the concentration of pollution over a small area, sometimes become natural laboratories. The case of Belledune Harbour provides an example. The problem at Belledune came to light when studies by the New Brunswick Mining and Smelting Co. Ltd., a division of Noranda that runs a lead smelter beside the harbor, found that cadmium levels in lobsters had risen sharply during the late '70s. This was cause for concern because cadmium is carcinogenic to humans, and because Belledune Harbour was an exceptionally productive lobster ground that was pivotal to the local economy.

After a 1980 DFO survey confirmed the high level of concentration, the commercial lobster fishery in the harbor was closed, and a controlled fishery was set up around the harbor. An intensive effort led to the catch of contaminated lobster, 22,000 pounds of it, which was then destroyed.

In the same year New Brunswick Mining and Smelting invested in a new waste treatment facility which reduced cadmium discharge into the harbor by 95 per

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cent. "Most of the cadmium was found concentrated in the lobsters' digestive gland — the tomalley," says Uthe. "This made the controlled fishery in the area surrounding the harbor possible." Here the lobsters were less contaminated, he explains, but boiling them whole served to contaminate the flesh with cadmium from the digestive gland. "So live lobsters could not be sold," he says, but meat packs were prepared from flesh processed after the tomalley was removed."

Cadmium levels declined steadily after 1980, and in 1985 Belledune was reopened to a controlled lobster fishery.

At Sydney, however, the lobster fishing in the harbor's south arm has been closed since 1982, the result of a DFO survey that found extremely high levels of the carcinogen PAH in the lobsters' digestive gland. Another study, this one by the department of the environment, established that the carcinogen was coming from Muggah's Creek, which drains a tar pond containing coal tar dumped from the coking ovens of the Sydney Steel plant. The pollution problem was further aggravated at the end of 1985 when two coke furnaces, which had been closed down, were reopened.

At about the same time the federal government announced a plan to clean up the tar pond, but no timetable was given. So it remains to be seen if the lobster fishery in the south arm has a future.

The virtue of these two examples is that they are confined to small areas that

can be cleaned up if the political will is there.

But a greater threat, says Richard Addison of the Bedford Institute of Oceanography, comes from afar. "Our main concern in the Atlantic Provinces should be that we are downwind from industrial central Canada and the northeast United States. Addison explains that organic compounds such as DDT, PCBs and PAH, and metals such as cadmium and mercury, are volatile and travel long distances in prevailing winds.

The key factor in determining the level of contamination in the waters off Atlantic Canada may be that the region lies at a distance — an intermediate distance — from two industrial centres; Europe and the U.S. "Levels of PCB and DDT residues in seals from Sable Island are ten times greater than levels in seals from the Canadian Arctic," Addison notes. "But the Sable Island seals have levels ten times less than seals from industrial northwest England — levels associated with abortion and stillbirths."

The number of contaminants in the ecosystem, and the number of "target species" in which they accumulate, are also factors in the long-term health of the ocean. Recently, Charles Musial of DFO's Halifax lab, identified toxaphene, a PCC pesticide that is toxic to fish, in the livers of cod from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in the fillets of herring caught off Halifax. "PCCs have also been found in cod from the Antarctic," Musial points out. "The

data all indicate widespread contamination of the environment by this compound." PCC pesticides, he adds, are extensively applied to cotton, one of the world's major crops.

Musial and company have also found "relatively large concentrations" of phthalate, a compound used to make plastics, in Atlantic herring and mackerel. In both cases scientists can only guess at the origin of these contaminants. The most that can be said is that they probably come from outside the region.

It is all part of the dark saga of pollution. While advances in transportation and telecommunications continue to shrink the globe, the world's oceans become increasingly linked by an invisible web of contamination.

Still, there are encouraging signs. Stricter regulation in North America of the better known toxic substances has had results, according to Addison. "Levels of the DDT group of pesticides, of PCBs and oil in the waters and biota of the region have all fallen appreciably in the last decade or so," he reports.

Slowly, perhaps, priorities are changing, at least in western nations rich enough to consider paying for a clean-up. Developing nations, however, may have other goals.

"The only solution to this global problem is to encourage a 'small planet' mentality," argues Jack Uthe.

In the Atlantic Provinces, Muggah's Creek would be a good place to start. ☒

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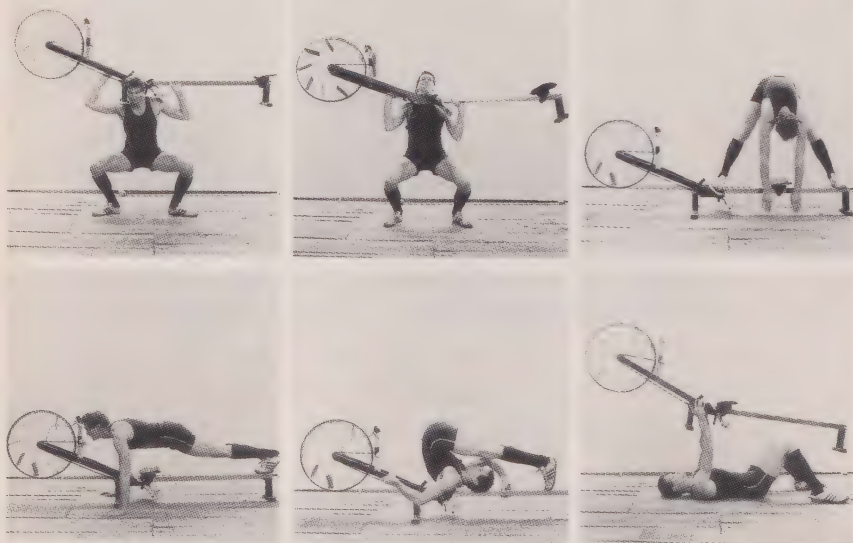
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BUSINESS PURCHASE INFLUENCER STUDY

Dear ATLANTIC INSIGHT Reader:

This study is especially designed for those of you who influence the purchasing of your business, your office or your organization. As part of our ongoing efforts to know more about you, your response is important. Your answers will be confidential and will only be used in combination with those of other readers.

Thank you for your help.

James Lorimer

James Lorimer
Publisher

DEMOGRAPHIC PROFILE

⁰¹Sex ¹Male ____ ²Female ____

⁰²Age ¹Under 18 ____ ⁴35 - 49 ____
 ²18 - 24 ____ ⁵50 - 64 ____
 ³25 - 34 ____ ⁶65 + ____

⁰³Household Income ¹Under \$15M ____ ⁴\$35-50M ____
 ²\$15-25M ____ ⁵\$50-75M ____
 ³\$25-35M ____ ⁶\$75M + ____

⁰⁴Education
¹Post Graduate Study ____ ⁴Grad. College ____
²Graduated University ____ ⁵Grad. High School ____
³Some University ____ ⁶Other ____

⁰⁸Business Travel — number of business trips by air you have personally taken in the last 12 months:

¹None ____ ²1-6 ____ ³7-12 ____

⁴12-17 ____ ⁵More than 17 ____

¹⁰Car Rental

How many times have you rented a car in the past 12 months for business

¹None ____ ⁵11-20 ____
²1-3 ____ ⁶21-30 ____
³4-6 ____ ⁷31 or more ____
⁴7-10 ____

⁰⁵Residence

1 Newfoundland/Labrador _____
2 P.E.I. _____
3 Nova Scotia _____
4 New Brunswick _____
5 Away _____

⁰⁶Community Size:

1 Under 30,000 _____
2 30,000 to 100,000 _____
3 100,000 to 250,000 _____
4 250,000 plus _____

⁰⁷Occupation

¹Professionals/Consultants ____
²Senior Management/Executive ____
³Other Managers/Owners ____
⁴Sales/Teaching/Technical ____
⁵Skilled Service/Labour ____
⁶Clerical/Secretarial ____
⁷Unskilled/Primary Industries ____

⁰⁹How many nights did you personally spend away from home on business during the past 12 months?

¹None ____ ⁵16-20 ____
²1-5 ____ ⁶21-25 ____
³6-10 ____ ⁷Over 25 ____
⁴11-15 ____

Please indicate your involvement in your organization's purchasing/leasing of these products.

No involvement/Don't use 0
I am consulted only 1
I recommend or specify but don't authorize 2
I authorize 3

Finance/Investment

¹¹ Banking or Financial Services	0 1 2 3
¹² Institutional Investments	0 1 2 3
¹³ Employee Benefits	0 1 2 3
¹⁴ Property or Liability Insurance or Risk	0 1 2 3
¹⁵ Management Services	0 1 2 3

Communications/EDP

¹⁶ Data Communications, Equipment & Services	0 1 2 3
¹⁷ Telephone Equipment & Services	0 1 2 3
¹⁸ Computer hardware (Mainframe/Mini)	0 1 2 3
¹⁹ Computer Hardware (Micro)	0 1 2 3
²⁰ Computer Software	0 1 2 3

Office Equipment

²¹ Office Furniture	0 1 2 3
²² Office Equipment or Supplies	0 1 2 3
²³ Word Processing Systems	0 1 2 3

Business Facilities

²⁴ Business Travel	0 1 2 3
²⁵ Convention Arrangements	0 1 2 3
²⁶ Beverage Alcohol for Business Functions	0 1 2 3

Equipment/distribution

²⁷ Shipping/Transportation/Distribution Services	0 1 2 3
²⁸ Heavy Machinery Or Construction Equipment	0 1 2 3

Maintenance/Building

²⁹ Air Conditioning/Heating Equipment or Controls	0 1 2 3
³⁰ Engineering Or Construction Services	0 1 2 3
³¹ Building Materials or Equipment	0 1 2 3

Vehicles

³² Business Aircraft	0 1 2 3
³³ Trucks/Trailers	0 1 2 3
³⁴ Fleet Autos	0 1 2 3

Property/Real Estate

³⁵ Industrial/Commercial/Institutional Locations	0 1 2 3
³⁶ (Buildings and Property)	0 1 2 3

Services

³⁷ Advertising/Public Relations	0 1 2 3
³⁸ Courier Delivery Services	0 1 2 3
³⁹ Professional Services (e.g. Accountants or Lawyers)	0 1 2 3
⁴⁰ Personnel Agencies	0 1 2 3
⁴¹ Management Consultants	0 1 2 3

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Campfire fish

The subtle, smoky flavor of fish cooked over an open fire is unique. If you're not the camping type, try it at Liscombe Lodge where the chef raises a backwoods method to gourmet fare

by Valerie Mansour
A traditional Micmac Indian method of cooking salmon is making a comeback in Nova Scotia. It is called "planking" and, yes, the salmon cooks on a plank — preferably oak or maple.

Robert Mitchell, chef at Liscombe Lodge on Nova Scotia's eastern shore, proved it to be a big hit by going through about 1,500 pounds of salmon last season, the first year the dish was offered. "It's something special for a party," Mitchell explains. "I

haven't had anyone send it back yet." What began as an experiment is now a regular menu feature.

Unlike most recommendations for cooking fish, Mitchell says the secret here is the "nice, slow, cooking." Actual cooking time is 30 to 45 minutes, depending on the salmon's thickness. The fish is first filleted and the centre-line bones are pulled out with pliers. After it's seasoned he places it on a two-inch hardwood plank. Mitchell uses snare wire and nails to hold it to the

board. Rather than cook it directly on the fire, he sets the board against cement blocks near the fire. The salmon cooks by the heat that is reflected onto it by hot stones and a wind screen. The Micmac method was to secure the fish to the hardwood planks by green saplings and wooden pegs.

Mitchell says people can try planked salmon at home in their fireplace. He recommends brushing it with butter to make a light seal to retain the juices. Filleting and deboning is time-consuming, he admits, and a two-inch maple board is not standard — his is made to order at Sherbrooke Village, the working historic town nearby. But Mitchell insists it's worth the effort.

Montreal-born Mitchell, who showed signs of being a good chef when still in highschool, has been at Liscombe Lodge for three years. Fish and seafood are his specialty. Guests staying at the provincially-owned resort often bring their own catches for him to prepare. These are cooked simply — just a light flouring and then pan-fried to retain their natural flavor and freshness.

Like many fish devotees, Mitchell says his major problem is getting a lot of fresh



fish. The salmon he uses is from Newfoundland. Often it's freshly frozen by dipping it into ice water numerous times to create many layers of ice. Trout is brought in from the Bras d'Or Lake; mussels are delivered several times a week from a nearby farm. Mitchell tries to serve many Nova Scotia products — lamb from Antigonish County, fresh berries, maple syrup and fiddleheads. Homemade jams are made by a local resident. He supervises the smoking of salmon and finnan haddie in an old-fashioned smokehouse.

Some of Mitchell's recipes are long and complicated; others are basic. On a camping trip he recommends barbecuing fish like a shish kabob on a green stick with a few branches. Aluminum foil is not part of his repertoire. "If you're going to use tin foil you might as well stick it in the oven. The flavor will stay in but you're not going to get the smoke flavor." Mitchell also has his non-foil way of barbecuing corn. Place it, husk and all, on the cooler part of the fire and don't remove it until the husk is black.

Coaxing recipes out of Mitchell is not easy. He says, "I cook in five-gallon batches. I don't know how much is in any of them!" Despite this, he parted with some of his secrets.

Planked Salmon

10-pound salmon
1/2-3/4 pound clarified butter
salt and pepper to taste
brown sugar to taste

Fillet the salmon. Use pliers to pull out centre-line bones. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a bit of brown sugar. Let soak in for 5-6 hours. Attach to plank with snare wire and nails. Place it against blocks, close to the fireplace or outside barbecue. Baste every 10 minutes with butter.

Cook for 30-45 minutes, depending upon thickness. Turn board frequently so it cooks evenly. When done, cover with tin foil and pull it back from the fire for 10 minutes. After it has set serve it with fresh vegetables and the following old-fashioned egg cream sauce.

Sauce

In a saucepan, melt:

2 tbsp. butter

Blend in:

2 tbsp. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

few grains pepper

Gradually stir in:

1 cup milk

Add 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs and 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Add a bit of Tabasco sauce, and bitters to make it sharp.

Baked Nature Trout

1 trout, 8-10 oz.
1 oz. butter
1 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. sliced green onion

Melt butter and sauté green onion and seasonings. Meanwhile, quickly pan-fry trout. Pour seasonings over it and bake in oven at 400° for about 10-15 minutes.

Steamed Mussels

For a pot of mussels for four people, first pour 3 oz. of white wine into the saucepan. Add a bit of finely sliced green onion. Add the mussels and steam until shells open. No water is necessary as the wine and the water from the mussels is sufficient.

Scallops

Sauté scallops in clarified butter. Add very thinly sliced green onion, about 1/2 tsp. per serving. Meanwhile mix one egg yolk with about 8 oz. whipping cream. Add brandy to the scallops and flambé. When it dies down, add the cream and egg yolk mixture (about 2 to 3 oz. per serving); take off the heat and serve. Season with salt and pepper to taste.



PHOTOS BY KEVIN RUDOLPH

FOLKS

Sheriff Pero wants the county jail for a police museum

In the mid-1970s, Yarmouth, N.S., suffered a police strike and had other police-related troubles. The result was that the local constabulary was disbanded and replaced by the RCMP. Realizing it was the end of an era, Sheriff **Basil Pero** started to gather at his nearby Brooklyn home everything he could get his hands on dealing with the police department. He collected old uniforms and badges, radar machines and other paraphernalia including items too antiquated to use in modern policing. One of these prizes is a bent pipe with a lightbulb attached to one end. It was positioned atop a utility pole in the town's main street and whenever an officer was needed to answer a call, someone at headquarters threw a switch to activate the blinking light and a foot patrol officer was summoned. In spite of the still-growing collection Pero longs for a single outstanding item and says, "I still feel bad because I couldn't keep the old police car. It wasn't much good for anything by the time the department broke up and it would have made

a good exhibit in a police museum." For the past few years part of Pero's collection has been displayed at the Firefighter's Museum of Nova Scotia in Yarmouth. The link is not too far-fetched either, because the fire service and police department shared common headquarters before the strike. It was routine procedure for the firefighters to answer the police phone — an item Pero managed to snag for his collection. But the Firefighter's Museum, which fills two floors of a converted car dealership and enjoys provincial museum status, needs more space and the police artifacts have to move. Pero has his eye on the building next door for his museum — the 121-year-old county jail which he used to guard. Pero thinks "it's time the collection found a permanent home," and says, "bringing some of the things they once had in common together again is just the way it should be."

It took nearly ten years for journalist **Heather Laskey**, a frequent contributor to *Atlantic Insight*, to find a publisher for her book *Children of the Poor Clares*. It was worth the wait. The book, written with co-author Mavis Arnold, has made an enormous impression in Ireland and Britain. It's the story of abuses that took place until recently in Irish orphanages. It shows that in many cases children were misused prisoners who ended up warped in later life, and how the Church, the government and society at large essentially covered up these abuses. The story centres largely on a fire which killed 35 children at an orphanage run by the nuns in County Cavan in 1943, on the attitudes which contributed to the high death toll and on the official inquiry which sought to evade the problem. The book has been serialized by Dublin's largest newspaper, the *Sunday Independent*, it has been the subject of an article in Britain's *The Guardian* and of three programs on the BBC, and a British film company wants to make a full-length movie. The subject is an extremely sensitive one in Ireland. So much so that Irish publishers won't touch the book. Nor would British publishers "for fear of giving offence" to the Irish, says Laskey. Finally, she says, "we found a brave publisher in the north of Ireland" who printed it. The British-born Laskey, "age unknown," worked on the book in Halifax when she returned to the Maritimes in 1976 with her Irish husband and three children, having spent several years here in the 1960s. This book is being distributed in Canada by Vanwell Publishing of St. Catherines, Ont.

The ice is mostly gone now, but this past winter there was harness racing on the ice in New Brunswick for the first time in 20 years. It happened on Otnabog Lake near Gagetown and it was mostly the doing of 69-year-old **Tom Scovil**. Born on a farm near the Saint John River, Scovil has been around horses all his life. As a schoolboy he hitched rides with the local doctor. He began harness racing on the ice of Gagetown Creek and went on to



FRED HATHFIELD

a successful career of training and racing two- and three-year-old colts in Lexington, Kentucky. On Oct. 17, 1964 Scovil won the one-mile trot with a world record dead heat time of 2:00.4 and took home a purse of \$6,000. At the same time, harness racing on ice in Gagetown stopped, possibly due to lack of interest and a decrease in the number of horses in the area, but mainly because in 1967, the building of the Mactaquac hydro dam changed the water temperature on the creek and the ice became unsafe. Scovil and his family returned home in 1974 to establish Scovil Stables at Exhibition Park Raceway in Saint John and he finally retired a year ago to Gagetown. But Scovil didn't leave harness racing — he worked towards the return of ice racing, not to Gagetown Creek but to nearby Otnabog Lake on his own property — the farm where he was born. This year, on Feb. 2, about 500 enthusiasts gathered after a heavy snowfall to watch a field of 13 horses race. They covered a quarter-mile straight track in 28 seconds — the record time on ice is 27.3 seconds.



PETER GARD

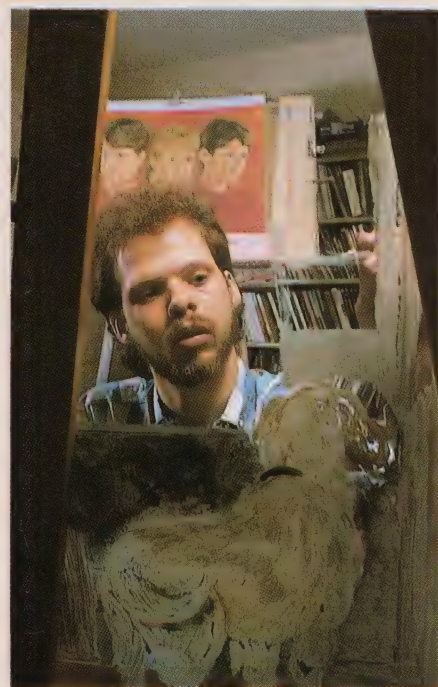
Carter's idea for a harbor symphony is being repeated at the opening of Expo 86

public archives for research on fashions and styles of the period. A scene with an 1817 theme contained over 60 people, as well as horses and dogs; between research and actual painting, it took over three months to complete. The largest mural, eight by 16 feet, is housed in the restaurant at the Acadian pioneer village in Mont-Carmel, and reflects life in a fishing community. Because his murals are so large, Bernard accepts only one mural per year. Born in Toronto, Bernard, 25, moved to P.E.I. four years ago to attend Holland College and even before graduation began his career. He works in pastels, doing portraits of animals and people, in addition to his mural work. The artist says he has "a scribbler full of ideas to use for pictures, but I never get time to do any pictures for myself!"

It began with architect **Joe Carter's** search for "a way to draw attention to St. John's as a beautiful space." It ended with a "harbor symphony," a seven-minute composition for ship's horns, also known as the "noon toot." "St. John's is unusual in being a natural amphitheatre," says Carter, 38, who came to the city from Montreal 12 years ago. "Not many cities are built on an inclined plane with a steep hill like a backdrop on the other side. A music festival in St. John's in 1983 provided Carter with the perfect opportunity to convince harbor officials to collaborate in producing the unusual musical arrangement. The trick to organizing something as unusual as this, says Carter, "is to ask for something simple, face to face and to act fast like a kamikaze." Carter's innovative civic soundpiece received national media attention at the time. And although that was a while ago, the idea has had an ambitious offspring: a harbor symphony will open Expo 86 this month in Vancouver. "They're talking about using over 60 ships," says Carter of the Vancouver event. "With a harbor 20 times the size of the harbor in St. John's everyone will be gathered near Canada Place for the performance. But it will still be like the original in the sense that it is using the sur-

rounding environment as an interactive instrument. It will help show people how everything is wired to everything else — a whole realm of communications."

What northern New Brunswick community exports a quarter of a million pounds of eels each year? Just check New Brunswick Bi-Q, the New Brunswick trivia game invented by **Joan Green** of Fredericton, a Grade 4 teacher at Geary Elementary School. Green suggested it to principal Rodney Stairs in 1983 as a school project to celebrate New Brunswick's 1984 bicentennial. About ten teachers were involved in researching the questions, which took some four months. A grant of \$3,000 from the province's Bicentennial Commission allowed for 500 copies to be printed. In May 1984 the game was launched at a party at the school and was introduced at an elementary teachers conference in Moncton. As the game became popular, the school found its manufacture, distribution and promotion too time consuming. Green, as the game's inventor, had retained the copyright. So, in "a risky adventure", she invested \$12,000 to produce 5,000 copies of the game and took it over as a private enterprise last summer. Most of that stock has now been sold. A boost to sales is the fact that it is recommended by the New Brunswick Department of Education as supplemental material for the grades 4 to 6 social studies curriculum. New Brunswick Bi-Q has its own rules but it can be used with existing trivia board games. There are five categories of questions — travelogue, bygone days, famous people, hodge podge, and tourist attractions. Green also packs the boxes by hand and distributes the game herself. She keeps an eye on the price charged for the game as she "doesn't want it to go too high." Most places charge \$12.95. Green has found the experience very interesting but says the next time she'll have someone else pack the games. She calls the game "an enjoyable and interesting way to find out about ourselves." (Answer: Pokemouche, Gloucester Co., is New Brunswick's eel-producing capital.)



JOHN STON

Bernard looks for blank walls to cover

Maurice Bernard fills in blanks — blank walls, that is. The Summerside, P.E.I. artist likes to paint wall murals, and has a number to his credit in various Island establishments. When he's not giving art instruction in his Summerside studio, he's out scouting for likely walls, "ones just crying out for a mural," he says. "I look at some walls and think that a scene of such-and-such would look great there." If he finds a suitable wall, he sends a proposal to the business in question, giving his thoughts and ideas for the scene. If they come to an agreement, he goes to work, mostly using latex house paints for his ample creations. Murals of past times require visits to the

CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

May 1-3 — Fund Fest '86, an art and craft fair to benefit the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia Building Fund, auction of 15 works. Organized by Visual Arts Nova Scotia, Nova Scotia Designer Crafts Council and the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax

May 2-4 — "Spring into Summer" crafts and antiques festival, the largest spring market of craftspeople, antique dealers and food exhibitors in Eastern Canada, Halifax Forum

May 3 — Annual Flea Market, Dartmouth Senior Citizen's Club, Findlay Community Centre, Dartmouth

May 9 — Atlantic Dance Student Showcase, at the Dance Exchange, Halifax

May 9-June 8 — The Vital Vision: Drawings by Ruth Annaqtuusi Tulurealik, Baker Lake, Downstairs gallery; Elements: An installation of glass work by Terry Smith-Lamothe, Upstairs, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

May 9-11 — Festival Acadien d'Halifax, an Acadian celebration with activities for all ages, Halifax

May 10 — New Germany and Area Arts and Crafts Association Spring Show and Sale, New Germany

May 10 — Chaviva Hosek, President of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women speaks on "Progress, Real or Imaginary?" Zonta Club of Halifax dinner, Halifax Sheraton

May 11 — *The Blue Bird*, a new production of mask, mime, puppets and live music by the Mermaid Theatre, on tour, Denton Hall, Acadia University, Wolfville. May 17 — DeCoste Entertainment Centre, Pictou

May 16-18 — Windsor Spring Horse Show, 20th anniversary of the event featuring hunters, jumpers, horses and ponies, Windsor

May 17-19 — Aqua Fest, historic and cultural activities in South Shore communities throughout the Victoria Day weekend, highlighted by the International Walk for Peace on May 18 in West Pubnico

May 22-24 — Children's Festival of Nova Scotia, an international showcase of entertainment for children; includes performances by the Theatre Centre from London, Eng., Michael and Michelle Jackson from Australia, Théâtre de la Marmaille of Montreal, Kim and Jerry Brodey from Ontario and Nova Scotia's mime group, Jest in Time. All at the Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

May 23-June 1 — National Physical Activity Week, events across the country for all ages. Includes Sneaker Day; Fitnics — community and family fitness picnics; Elderobic Moonwalk — citizens over 55 are invited to add up all their walking during the week to make up the 476,000 miles to the moon and back; Run for Light, June 1 — 3000 participants expected for five-kilometre walk with fluorescent sticks, 9 p.m. at Point Pleasant Park, Halifax. Contact your community

recreation department for other events and dates.

May 25-June 8 — Scotia Festival of Music features music for winds this year and attracts performers from across North America and Europe, also the Young Artists Program and Master Classes, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

May 28-31 — *Princess Ida*, presented by the Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia, Neptune Theatre, Halifax

May 29-30 — Annual African Violet Show, "Violets in Historic Nova Scotia," Halifax

May 29-June 2 — 54th Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival, Annapolis Valley

May 31 — Kermesse, sponsored by the Auxiliary of the IWK Hospital, 75th anniversary year; midway, clowns, magic shows, art gallery, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

May 6 — Peace Earth Peace, international mail art exhibition, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

May 8-11 — An Exhibition of Fashion, work by the weaving students, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

May 8-18 — Summerside Art Club exhibition, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

May 12-25 — Students' Show '86, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

May 14-June 22 — Realism and Scale: An Investigation, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

May 20-25 — Unit Two Students Exhibition and Youth Fair, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

May 26-June 14 — Children's Art Show, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

NEW BRUNSWICK

May 2-29 — Textures and Details, multi-media paintings and drawings by Helen Shideler-Hill, City of Saint John Gallery

May 11-Sept. 14 — Fine Arts Graduates Exhibition, Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University, Sackville

May 16-17 — Annual Maritime Band Festival, Moncton

May 22-23 — Cathedral Festival of the Arts, Fredericton

May 24 — Oromocto School of Dance Recital, Oromocto

May 24-June 1 — National Physical Activity Week events, province-wide

May 28 — ParticipAction Challenge, noon hour parade, Moncton against Medicine Hat, Alta., in Moncton

May 28 — ParticipAction Challenge, Saint John against Halifax, parade, bus pulling contest, tug boat pull across the harbor, Market Square, Saint John

May 30-June 1 — Francophone Festival, Fredericton

NEWFOUNDLAND

May 2-4 — Outdoors '86, Eastern Canada's Sports Recreation Show, St. John's

May 6-18 — *Crimes of the Heart*, presented by the Elysian Players, LSPU Hall Theatre, St. John's

May 9-June 22 — *Christopher Pratt: a Retrospective*, exhibition mounted by the Vancouver Art Gallery, curated by Joyce Zemans of York University, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

May 10 — Newfoundland Federation Music Festival, featuring the winners of eight regional music festivals, Grand Falls

May 20-Aug. 10 — "Newfoundland's Interior Explored," an exhibition of the mapping of the interior of Newfoundland examines the role of early explorers and their native guides, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

May 20-31 — *A New Work*, presented by the St. John's Players, LSPU Hall Theatre, St. John's

May 23-25 — Newfoundland All Breed Kennel Club Dog Show, indoor unbenched dog shows and obedience trials, St. John's

May 24-25 — Junior Provincial Synchronized Swimming Championships, Aquarena, St. John's

May 23 — Sneaker Day, National Physical Activity Week event, Springdale

May 28 — Early Morning Run, evening Community Fitness Class, Grand Falls

May 28 — The Great Canadian ParticipAction Challenge, 15 minutes of continuous activity, intercommunity challenge, St. John's

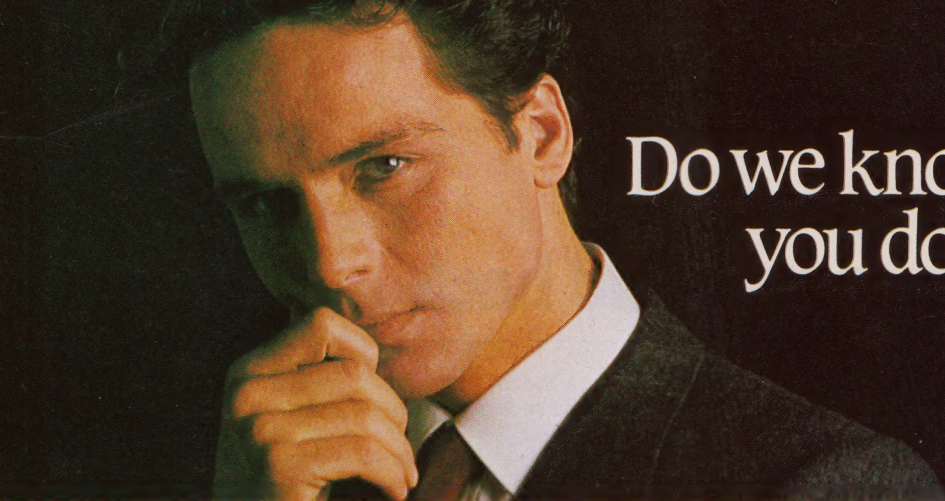
May 31 — Fitnic, community and family picnic fitness event, Springdale

May 31-June 1 — Annual Spring Flower Show, hosted by the Newfoundland Horticultural Society, Memorial University Botanical Garden, St. John's

MARKETPLACE

The Lorenzen Collection — a book about the mushrooms of the Lorenzens of Lantz, N.S. 150 of their mushrooms illustrated in color. The book is available from: **Maritime Flavour Gallery**, Lord Nelson Arcade, 5675 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, N.S. B3J 1H1 (902) 422-2196 \$13.50 a copy, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

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Cavalier	8.5	33

*Based on Transport Canada 1986 Fuel Consumption Guide ratings for Renault Encore and Alliance with a 1.4 litre engine, Ford Tempo with a 2.3 litre engine and Chevy Cavalier with a 2.0 litre engine.

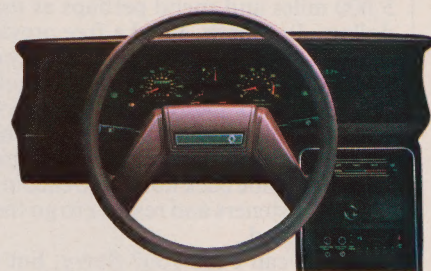
We know, also, that Tempo and Cavalier do not offer, as standard features, rear passenger heating vents, or have pedestal front seating to increase rear seat

passenger leg room. Renault does.



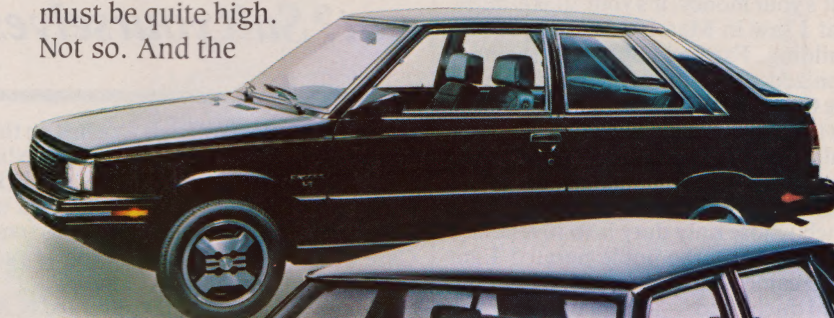
And something else we know. Every Encore and Alliance comes with the Renault 5 year/80,000 kilometre powertrain protection warranty as a standard feature. Tempo and Cavalier do not.

You might be thinking, just about now, that if the Renault Encore and Alliance come equipped with so much, the price must be quite high. Not so. And the



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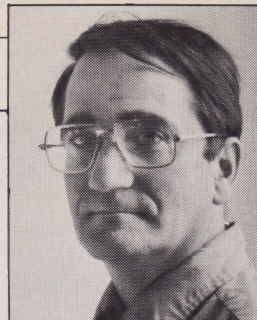


ENCORE

ALLIANCE



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Making it to Vancouver and back

It's worth seeing but is it worth going to see?

Samuel Johnson would tell you in a flash but I'm not so wise and not so bold. To see Expo 86 in Vancouver, most *Atlantic Insight* readers must travel 4,000 to 5,000 miles and spend perhaps as many dollars. In March, I had a free preview.

Well, free plus \$150 pocket money and \$6.50 I borrowed from a correspondent of the Halifax *Daily News*. Batches of hacks, flacks and whatnots have been flown to Vancouver to see what's going on and to come back home and encourage viewers, listeners and readers to go there. Unsubsidized.

What can I tell you? Sorry, but not yea or nay. I have a parent whose firm policy is never to urge a houseguest to leave sooner or stay longer (the car may crash, the plane may fall) and I must cleave to the same here.

It's your money, it's your 10,000 miles. What I saw in March was Expo 86 still a-building. Far as I could tell, the non-unionized carpenters on the shores of False Creek were slicing sheets of plywood with the same zest as the unionized ones. So all I have to offer you is some of my notes:

- Does Air Canada have a special branch whose only duty is to invent new ways to crucify the noble potato? I got them creamed, hashed, baked, fried, boiled and duchessed — and all of them rank insolence to P.E.I.

- The Expo logo is not, as may be first thought, a reflection of British Columbia machismo. It consists of three big rings or balls with a little thingy sticking up at a 45-degree angle. As explained to me, the three balls represent "earth, water and air" and the little thingy symbolizes "transportation."

- Expoofficials (you saw it here first, folks) greeted the media bellwethers with a curious schizophrenic litany. On the one hand, their show was the biggest, best, nicest, grandest, swellest that ever was. On the other hand, one is begged not to compare it to the Montreal Expo — "an Expo of the first grade, we are only of the second."

- In March, Vancouver had a severe attack of "hostess tummy." The Vancouver *Sun* clutched its chest at every crack in every pavilion roof. Urban decay was bulldozed, you see, to make way for the show and the new infill under it is settling.

Expoofficials chortled with glee when they got Clive and got him good. Clive is a BC-TV reporter considered by some at the time to have been too nosy, too

critical of Expo glitches. So... a video tape was made of Clive's face as he rode the roller coaster "Scream Machine." While I was there, an NBC team from Seattle was being shown it and thought it "priceless" — foul traitors to the journalistic brotherhood that they were.

- Allan Fotheringham, *Maclean's* extremely short but rather droll columnist, meant well I dare say, but...

But. He led off that mag's spread on Expo by shedding a tear for poor, depressed, poverty-stricken beautiful British Columbia smiling bravely through her Apocalypse with a billion-dollar party. And that, says Allan, at a time when B.C.'s unemployment is "Newfoundland-like." Obscenity.

Expo 86, to go or not? Suit yourselves

Whenever Expoofficials touched on the distressed state of B.C., our little media group from the boonies of N.S., P.E.I. and Nfld. rolled its eyes heavenward in sympathy and made mental notes to send Care packages once back home in our eastern lap of luxury.

- Many thanks to the taxpayers of N.S. and P.E.I. for a splendid luncheon at the "Canadian Club." That is the elegant joint where your visiting heads of state will be bibulated and victualled. Many of the waiters are nicely pigeon-toed and Swiss-trained to within a hair's breadth.

At the next table was used-car zillionaire Jim Pattison, chairman of Expo 86, talking to a fellow from *Fortune* magazine. This resulted in the damndest three- or four-way bit of conversation I've ever eavesdropped on:

"...the President of France said he'd be here way back in..."

"Would Monsieur like a drink? An aperitif, perhaps?"

"Coke or Pepsi, eh. Hey. Don't forget the straws, eh."

My own gaucherie — not having come completely to grips with your haute, let alone your nouvelle, cuisine — was to order two entrées at once. The "Canadian Club's" was (gasp!) paper napkins.

- Flying across Canada in mid-March had a curious melancholy effect on me. I left Newfoundland in the midst of the most savage winter in 40 years. We had to make three dives at Halifax because of

fog and a blizzard.

Ottawa was as frost-bitten as the cockles of a right-winger's heart. Manitoba and Saskatchewan were endless and iron-bound. Calgary was wallowing in a cruel sea of tawny brown where even the gophers' squeaks had congealed.

The Mountains were magnificent and vast enough to give the emperor Nero an inferiority complex and finally...

Finally, a tiny sliver of evergreen at the mouth of the Fraser River, high June on St. Patrick's day. Lord God, how have the rest of us offended Thee?

- A sudden urge to horsewhip the mayor of Windsor, Ont., was about the only twinge of "Canadianism" I've ever had.

I'd spent a month or so in the States, and driving back, I found "our" end of the bridge across from Detroit to be in a disgraceful mess — an abominable introduction for "them" when they came to see "us." This aberration soon passed and I was a Newfoundlander again. But I had a slight flareup of something quite similar at Expo 86. We're not there. Neither is New Brunswick or Manitoba.

No pavilions, I mean. Expoofficials smiled sadly and said I'd have to make inquiries when I got back home. One of them did say that the owner of a small radio station in Manitoba was so infuriated by his province's no-show he demanded to broadcast to Manitoba from a corner of the parking lot.

Earlier last winter, Mr. Peckford and some chums went on a fine little jaunt to the Orient. Maybe that was Newfoundland's Expo. But there are at least from here some school choirs and fiddlers, so sing your guts out for your Happy Province, my dears, and to the shame of those sleazebags at Confederation Building.

- Vancouver traffic seems to have gone frantic in the few years since I saw it last. Why? I wonder. It makes Montreal's seem almost sedate.

A taxi driver launched into the most violent stream of abuse at a dawdler ahead of us and added a few choice adjectives because the slowpoke poked slow in a brand-new top of the line Audi.

I agreed on the spot that the Audi should be taken away from the boulder and sent east to the deserving poor.

- Expo 86, to go or no? Suit yourselves. I wouldn't need Expo as an excuse to visit Vancouver at any time and would raise my passage by selling one of our blonde offspring to the Saudi Arabs — if there wasn't some silly little Canadian law against such a practice.



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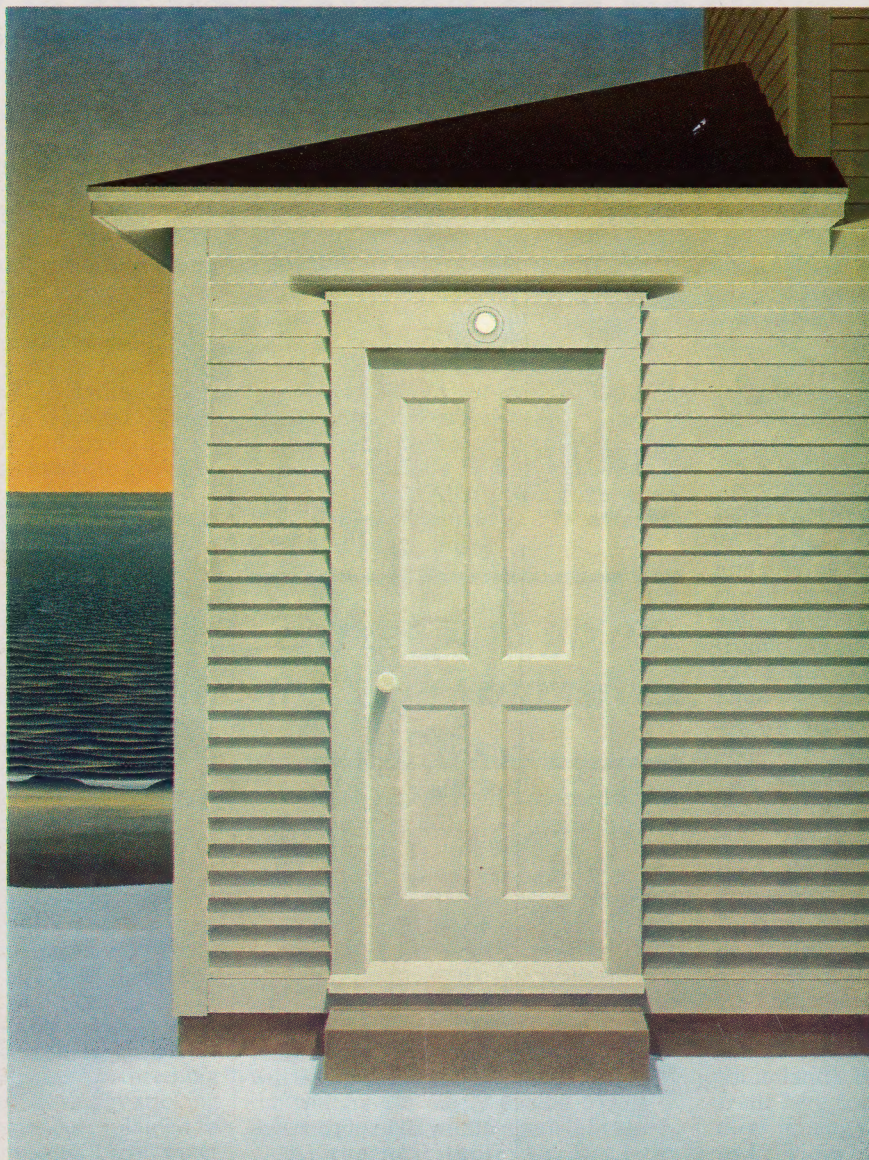


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